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Being the Summer Number of

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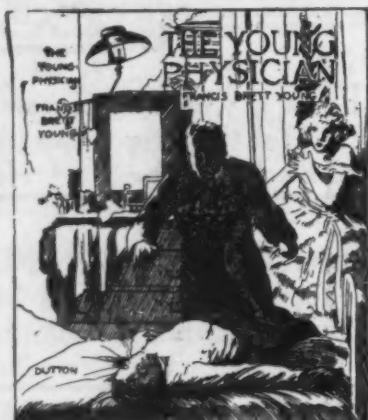
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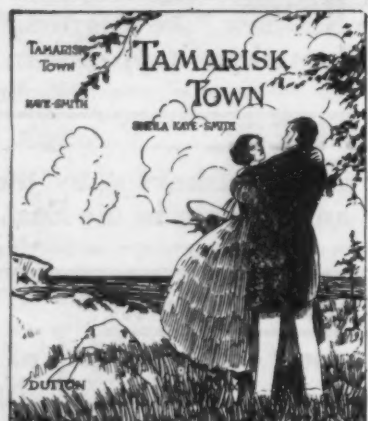
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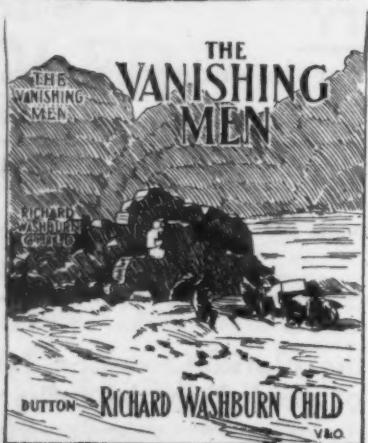
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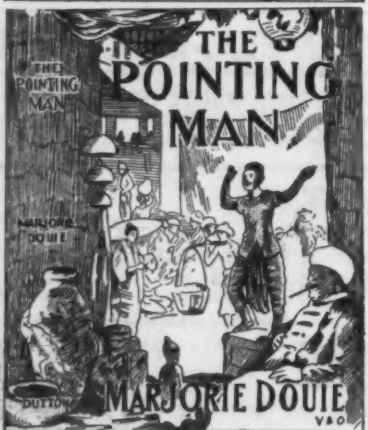
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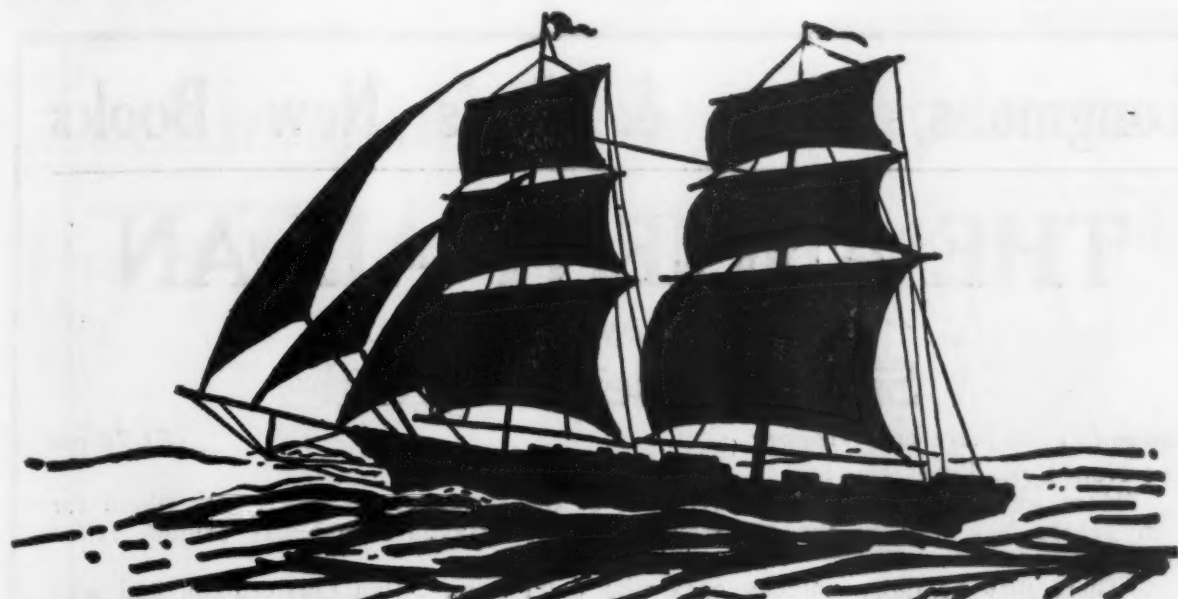
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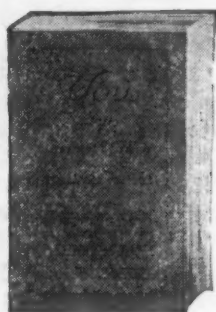
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WHEN Caleb Brent took squatter-possession of the Sawdust Pile, Nan was a shabby little bare-legged girl of 13, but she held promise of rich beauty. And her laughter was like that of an elfin sprite.

That was nine years ago. Nan had more than fulfilled that promise of beauty. But she never again would laugh that joyous elfin laugh of other days, and the sweet curves of her mouth were drawn in pain. Donald's sweet little playmate was now the outcast of Port Agnew, and beside her was the little badge of her shame, demanding the father he would never see.

*"O for the rarity
of Christian charity"*

A WAVE of self-pity surged over Nan, and she gave herself up to wild sobbing. In her desolation she called aloud, piteously, for that mother she had hardly known, as if she would fain summon that understanding spirit and in her arms seek the comfort that none other in this world could give her.

Her first intimation that someone had arrived to comfort her came in the shape of a hand that gently lifted her face from her arms.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried softly, and laid her head on his breast, while her arms went around his neck. "I'm so terribly unhappy! I can't bear it—I can't! Just—because Donald chose to be—kind to us—those gossips—as if anybody could help being fond of him—"

She was held tight in his arms.

"Not your father, Nan," and it was Donald's voice that murmured in her ear.

"Poor dear," he told her, "you were calling for your mother. You wanted a breast to weep upon? Well, mine is here for you."

"Oh, sweetheart, you mustn't!" she cried passionately, her lips unconsciously framing the unspoken cry of her heart as she strove to escape from him.

But he only kissed her hot cheek and laughed. In the end she weakly gave herself up to his caresses, satisfying her heart-hunger for a few blessed, wonderful moments before hardening herself to the terrible task of impressing upon him the hopelessness of it all.



The Laird of Tyndal, Who
to Master as I
Swayed Men

THERE came a time when Hector M. called upon to make a decision to his very soul. His dear Donald, at the point of death, crying for the world he loved. Master M. begged the laird to send for her.

The Laird raised his stern gray eyes were saw in them the light of a new day.

"I have left my son's hands of God Almighty. I'll lie in it," he panted.

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*"I can't give her up,
father! By God, I can't!"*

MY SON, you're dreaming of the impossible, and it's time for you to wake up. I'll never get over thinking what a pity it is that the girl is damaged goods. She must not be wife to a son of mine." So the old laird laid down the law.

The young laird of Tyee bowed his head. "I can't give her up, father," he said, "By God, I can't. And I think, dad, this is going to cause me more suffering than it will you."

A faint smile flitted across old Hector's stern face. "Youth! Youth! It always thinks it knows!"

A faint note of passion had crept into the Laird's tones; under the stress of it, his faint Scotch brogue increased perceptibly. He had tried gentle argument, and he knew he had failed; in his desperation, he decided to invoke his authority as the head of his clan. "I forbid you!" he cried firmly, "I charge you, by the blood that's in you, not to bring disgrace upon my house!"

For the space of ten seconds, father and son looked into each other's soul and therein each read the other's answer. There could be no surrender.

"You have bred a man, sir, not a molly-coddle," said the young laird quietly. "I think we understand each other." And so the issue was joined. The Laird of Tyee had thought he had long since plumbed the heights and depths of the joys and sorrows of fatherhood—the tears came presently.



Donald, Who Braved a World
of Biting Scorn for the
Lovely Outcast

OF ALL his possessions, his son Donald was nearest and dearest to the old Laird of Tyee. He was his bonny son, the pride of his heart, the heir to his millions, the future laird of his principality.

Then came Donald's new-found love for Nan. Donald was not so simple as not to realize that between the Sawdust Pile and The Dreamerie there stretched a gulf as wide and deep as the Bight of Tyee. For his father had said: "There are two things I could not stand up under—your death and the wrong kind of daughter-in-law."

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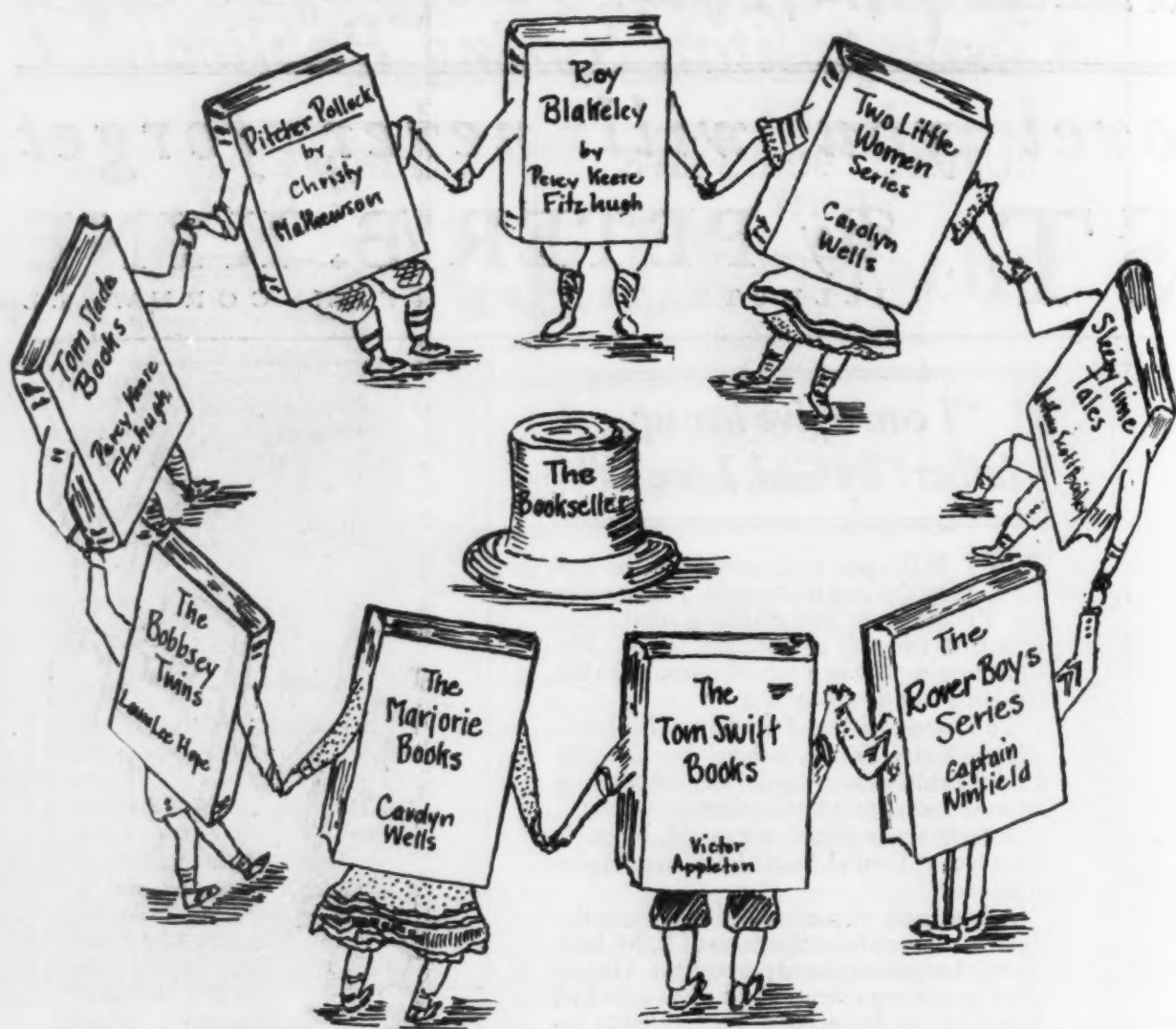


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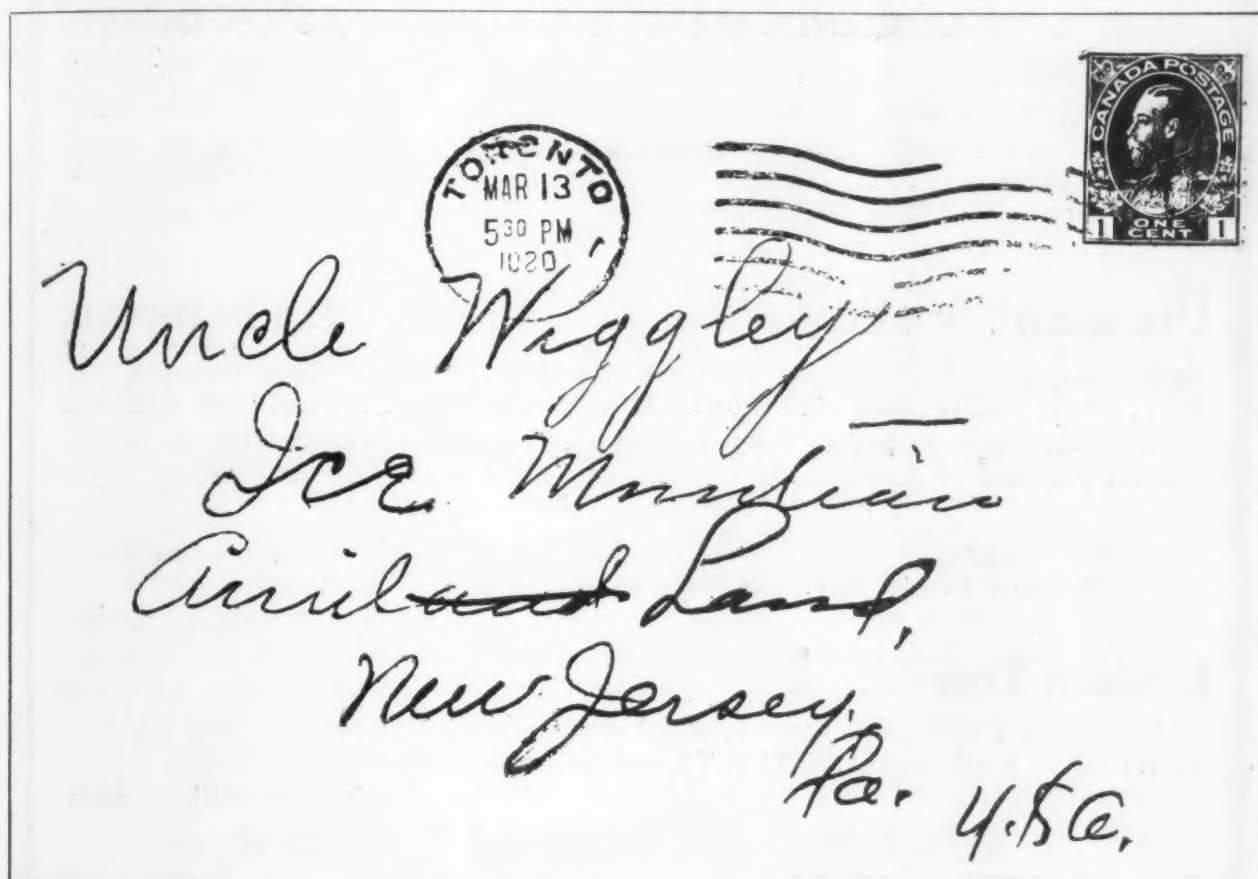
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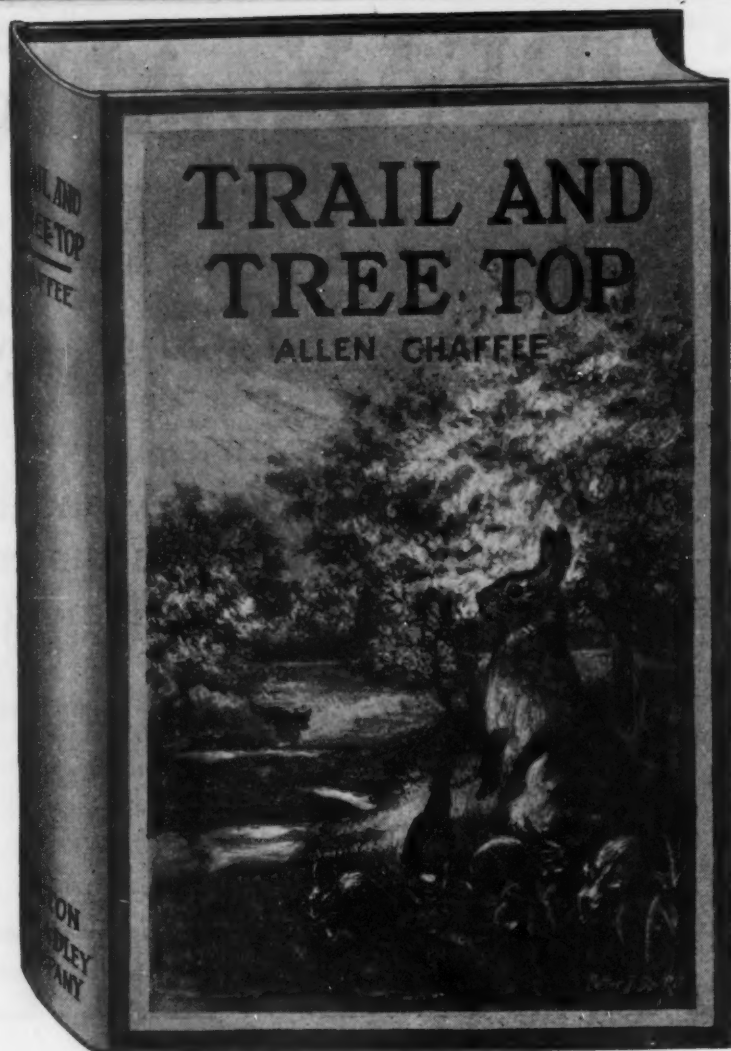
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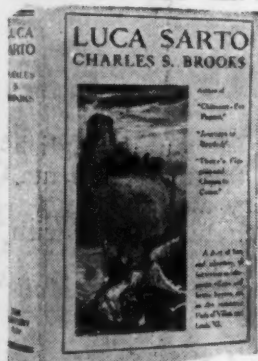
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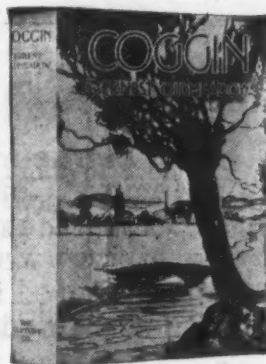
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News of Books and Authors

There are some people who may take exceptions to the morals of the heroine of "The Rose of Jericho," Ruth Holt Boucicault's powerful novel, but it is undeniable that the book has "caught on." The story is so delicately written that the reader loses sight of the fact that the principal character flagrantly disregards the ordinary conventions of life. It is a book that is going to be much discussed.

"The Tidal Wave" is sweeping the country. No novelist has a more devoted and loyal following than Ethel M. Dell, and this latest book of "long short stories" of hers is meeting with deserved success. "The Lamp in the Desert," by this author, was fourth in the list of best selling novels of last season.

Heywood Broun, widely known book critic of the New York Tribune, says that "Trailin'," by Max Brand is about the best novel of the West he ever read. When Mr. Broun boosts a book it's a safe gamble that it is going to be in demand.

The hero of "The Gold Girl," the latest and best novel of James B. Hendryx, is an almost unique conception in the hero line. Action, not words, appears to be his slogan. He bobs up in the most unexpected places, with his inscrutable smile and his mysterious jug, calmly proceeds to extricate the Girl from some delicate and dangerous situation and rides away without a word. This method of love making may be rather bizarre, but it brings results in the end.

E. Temple Thurston, the famous author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," and "The World of Wonderful Reality," has just completed another book, which he calls "Sheepskins and Grey Russet." It seems he bought an old abandoned farm, and his adventures in making a home out of it make up the story, which is rich in quaint humor, ripe philosophy and tender sentiment.

The war brought forth some wonderful poetry, but none more appealing than that written by the men who were in the thick of battle. "The Stars and Stripes," the doughboy's own newspaper, published in Paris, printed thousands of poems by men who endured, suffered and died for their country. The best of this verse has been collected and published in book form by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the name of "Yanks." Booksellers report a big demand for this book.

The London Bookman, most important of all the English literary periodicals, devotes nearly three pages of its March issue to an appreciation of F. W. Bain, who wrote "The Substance of a Dream," "A Digit of the Moon," "A Draught of the Blue," and other novels from the Hindoo.

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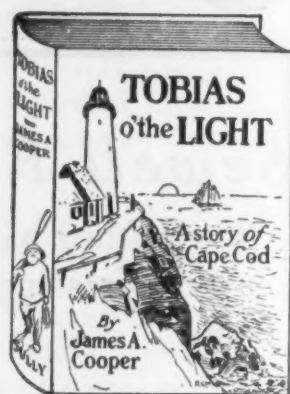
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KTN

By ZANE GREY

is a fine achievement in the realm of pure romance as was—to compare it with an earlier book—"Riders of the Purple Sage;" a book that in its subtle delineation of the kinship of nature, recalls the work of W. H. Hudson. It is another volume in the great epic of the West by the master writer of the Western story.

Richard Le Gallienne says: "One hangs on the story as though one had never heard the like before, and loves and hates the characters. . . . 'Las Vegas' . . . is one of those characters that one would like to go on reading about as long as the author cares to write.



RUPERT HUGHES

adds another volume to his contemporary *comédie humaine*, which began with "Clipped Wings," and which has given him the title of "The American Balzac," and placed him in so dominant a position among American writers—

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

By RUPERT HUGHES

is a novel of life today, done with splendid color on a big canvas. With his unerring instinct for the dramatic, Mr. Hughes begins his story on the day that the wires flashed Peace to a war-weary world, and New York broke into an unprecedented frenzy of hysterical joy. Then the days and months of disillusionment that followed. . . . And against this background a story of love and misunderstanding, of intrigue and blackmail that leads almost to disaster. A book that shows Rupert Hughes at the height of his mature art—an art that is recording life today for both today and tomorrow.

Have you read *THE GREAT DESIRE* by Alexander Black?
"A great American novel".

Harper & Brothers
Est. 1817.

SOME CHAT OF BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

"L'ATLANTIDE—THE MYSTERY OF ATLAS" by Pierre Benoit won this year's "Grand Prix du Roman," a prize of 5000 francs offered by the French Academy. The novel has been translated by Mary C. Tongue and is published in this country by Duffield & Co. It is an adventure story set in the unknown mountains of the Sahara Desert.

THIS GLIMPSE of Margaret Widdemer and her husband Robert Haven Schauffler in the open is a proof that the versatility of this couple is not wholly confined to literary pursuits. Perhaps it explains, too, the quantity and quality of their output. Nineteen hundred and twenty will see the publication of three of Mrs. Schauffler's books, each of a different type: her "The Board Walk," a novel portraying all the year round life in an Atlantic coast resort; "The Haunted Hour," an anthology of poems relating to the return of spirits to earth; and "I've Married Margery," the story of the re-winning of a war bride to be issued by her publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Howe in August. Mr. Schauffler, who has perhaps been most widely known as a poet, is bringing out "Fiddler's Luck" (Houghton Mifflin), which is a partly fictitious musical autobiography written with humor and containing a thread of love story.

IF YOU cannot help celebrate the Tercenary of the Landing of the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth this summer, the next best thing is to read some of the books which the event has called forth. Mary Caroline Crawford has written a very readable history of the Plymouth colony in "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers" (Little, Brown & Co.). The book will also serve as a visitor's guide to Plymouth landmarks and treasures of the past. Other books of interest in this connection are Agnes Edwards' "The Old Coast Road from Boston to Plymouth" (Houghton Mifflin) and a reissue of John Abbott Goodwin's "The Pilgrim Republic" (Houghton Mifflin).

J. D. BERESFORD has a new novel "The Imperfect Mother" (Macmillan), the story of a young man whose problem was to decide between his mother and the woman he loved.

NANCY is a humanitarian and an advocate of the balanced ration theory. She wants to run an efficiency tea-room where the anemic shop girl may have blood-making lunches, and the red-faced, heavy-necked man about town dinners that he can digest without effort

or exercise. Ethel M. Kelly in an amusing story brightly tells Nancy's experiences with her "The Outside Inn" (Bobbs-Merrill) which, by the way, they say may be actually found in New York City, altho one is advised to seek it under a different name.

"A CRITIC IN PALL MALL" (Putnam) is essentially a new book by Oscar Wilde. The material has been gathered from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and many other sources and has



MARGARET WIDDEMER SCHAUFFLER, POET AND NOVELIST
AND ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER, POET AND ESSAYIST

never before been printed in book form. Most of the material is not as embroidered as much of Wilde's work was, but it has the simplicity, direct energy, and astonishing command of language that always characterized the author. The *London Times' Literary Supplement* in commenting on the book says: "This pleasant chatter on subjects as diverse as cookery, lace embroidery, Henley's poems, and Pater's prose, cannot fail, as ever, to entertain with a luxurious sense of vast, intimate and eloquent comprehension."

IF YOU WANT to know Ireland as it is and was, you will learn more from E. C. Somerville's and Martin Ross's "Mount Music" (Longmans) than from any number of guide books or histories. It is a tale of Ireland in the transition beginning early in the late "eighties" and ending early in this century. The hero, a landlord of the old régime, is but one of the types of Irish country life portrayed.

THE TITLE "Sailor Girl" (Appleton) invites one to a voyage of adventure and romance on the China seas. The girl of Frederick F. Moore's novel, from a life of luxury in California, is suddenly precipitated into a wild mêlée of treachery, piracy and double dealing on the high seas.



FROM "A THOUSAND WAYS TO PLEASE A HUSBAND"
BY LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER AND HELEN
COWLES LECRON
A. L. Burt Co.

A Dedication

To Louise Bennett Weaver's "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband; with Bettina's Best Recipes."
(A. L. Burt Co.)

To every other little bride
Who has a "Bob" to please,
And says she's tried and tried and tried
To cook with skill and ease,
And can't—we offer here as guide
Bettina's Recipes!

To her whose "Bob" is prone to wear
A sad and hungry look,
Because the maid he thought so fair
Is—well—she just can't cook!
To her we say: do not despair;
Just try Bettina's Book!

THE HERO had been dining a bit too well in the days before New York went dry. Returning home long past midnight he pushed open an unlatched door at the top of a stoop which he believed to be his own and stumbled upon a mystery that made him flee from the

place, a sober man. It is this mystery that Lee Thayer, author of "The Mystery of the Thirteenth Floor" develops in "The Unlatched Door" (Century).

IF THE proof of the pudding is in the eating, in what is the proof of the cook book? A conscientious reviewer answered this riddle in regard to a popular book of recipes which has recently been taken over by the A. L. Burt Co. A few months after having reviewed Louise Bennett Weaver's and Helen Cowles LeCron's "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband; with Bettina's Best Recipes," she wrote, "I didn't say half enough before; I have now cooked practically thru that book and can vouch personally for its recipes." Bettina's book is not made up merely of "collected recipes" enlivened with photographs of joints of meat and correctly set tables. It is the account of the life and adventures of Bettina and her Bob who sailed merrily into the complexities of housekeeping one June. It is recommended as excellent "summer reading" for other June brides.

NINETEEN hundred and twenty seems to have been marked for the first-novel authors' very own. One publishing house alone, the George H. Doran Co., believes that it has made an unusual number of discoveries. Among these is James E. Agate whose "Responsibility" is a life story concerned with what the author calls "the slur of illegitimacy," the slur not on the child but on the father. Another is Virginia Woolf who makes her bow with a brilliantly written story of a group of people on an ocean voyage, a story to be read slowly and to be enjoyed for its humor. Alec Waugh, an officer during the war who embodied his experiences in a German prison in a war book, "The Prisoners of Mainz" has written his first novel in "The Loom of Youth," the revelation of the inner life of a young man. Then of course there is the author of the delightful and "Invincible Minnie" whose previous publications had been limited to a cat story and one moral tale in a magazine. Margaret Culkin Banning's first book is "This Marrying," a novel of popular type, and Margaret Pedler appears for the first time before an American audience with "The Hermit of Far End," a romantic story which suggests "The Rosary."

THE BOSTON *Transcript* suggests the following as the Brownies' ticket in the coming election: For President: Attorney General Palmer; for Vice-President: Governor Cox. The Century Co. acknowledges with thanks this left-handed compliment to Palmer-Cox.

OF HIS biography of the founder of the Salvation Army, "The Life of General William Booth" (Macmillan), Harold Begbie says: "Those who read these two volumes will find that they are the story of as valiant a spirit as ever lived. They will find that his courage was called upon to face fearful issues in boyhood, that his early manhood was almost broken by its load of poverty and neglect. And finally they will see him a mild and beautiful patriarch, hailed by huzzaing millions in every quarter of the globe, entertained by monarchs, adored by his vast army, and neither bitter nor puffed up, but weeping in secret over the sufferings of children."

THAT THE world-wide ascendancy of the white race, apparently so unshakable, is in reality threatened by the colored races is the thesis of Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color" (Scribner). Mr. Stoddard shows that the colored races are increasing enormously beyond the increase of the whites; that they entertain a common dislike for white domination—in many regions an active hatred—and that they now show a tendency to overflow their boundaries and to expand into white areas. The book is an appeal to white solidarity, a condemnation of such wars as the great one just ended which so frightfully weaken the race.

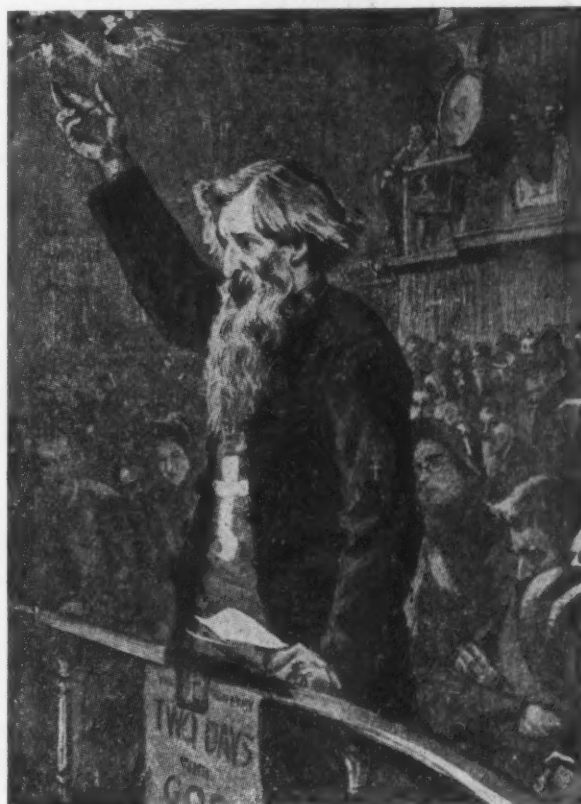
IN HIS latest book the author of "The Blazed Trail" takes us back to his favorite locale, the Southwest, the time and place of "Arizona Nights." Indeed, "The Killer" (Doubleday, Page) is in Arizona night of the late '90s when the cowpunchers packed guns, when law was more in the hands of the individual than in those of the sheriff, and before the wide, cattle country had been circled and brought within small limits by fences and the ubiquitous Ford. Beside "The Killer" there are half a dozen other shorter stories, some pure fiction and others written in the distinctive essay style of which Stewart Edward White is a master.

A STORY which harks back to an earlier age and race is "Anona of the Moundbuilders" (Progressive Publishers) by J. Clarence Marple and Albert Nelson Dennis. The facts concerning the oldest known inhabitants of North America which form the background of the story represent eighteen years of study and research. The second author is also bringing out with the same publishers a novel in an entirely different vein, a story dealing with the relation of capital and labor in the coal field districts, "Pleasant Valley."

THE WONDERFUL ape-man, the hero of so many adventures, is again the central figure in Edgar Rice Burroughs' new jungle tale "Tarzan the Untamed" (McClurg). This latest volume of the series places the jungle-child in still more appalling situations.

IF YOU have an important engagement pending do not begin Richard Washburn Child's "The Vanishing Men" (Dutton) for it is warranted to have the unlay-down-able quality. There is a beautiful woman in the tale whom three men want to marry. What becomes of these three, who one after the other mysteriously disappear, makes the enigma.

"HOLY FIRE and Other Stories" (Lane) is a medley of tales grave, gay, humorous and serious by Ida A. R. Wylie. The title story is laid in Russia as in the author's powerful novel "Towards Morning," but most of the stories have an English setting. Among other novels with English backgrounds published by the same house are a new Muriel Hine story, "The Breathless Moment," the romance of a penniless girl and a young married man; and "Temperament" by Dolf Wyllarde, a love story which is said to be akin to the author's well known novel, "The Story of Eden."



ON THE PLATFORM OF EXETER HALL, LONDON (1899)
FROM "THE LIFE OF GENERAL BOOTH" BY HAROLD
BEGBIE

Macmillan Co.

AMONG HELPFUL books for the motorist are "Electrical Equipment of the Motor Car" by David Penn Moreton and Darwin S. Hatch and "Modern Methods of Ford Repairing" by J. Howard Pile both published by the U. P. C. Book Co. The majority of books on this special subject have assumed a knowledge of elementary electricity on the part of the reader. The first named book starts with the A. B. C.'s of electricity and in its first volume gives the owner or repairman sufficient instruction to operate and care for the machine. Volume II is devoted to the types of electrical systems; their installation, care, and maintenance. Mr. Pile's book is a complete manual for the Ford repairman, explaining the use of all the up-to-date tool and shop equipment and minutely describing the methods of performing the work on all the different mechanical parts of the car.

"BEYOND THE HORIZON," the three act play by Eugene O'Neill, which has just had such a successful production on Broadway is now issued in book form by Boni & Liveright in a uniform edition with Mr. O'Neill's other plays.



"WHA—WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?" GASPED HER HUSBAND, FLOPPING BACK IN THE SEAT
FROM "ANDERSON CROW, DETECTIVE" BY GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

Dodd, Mead & Co.

GOOD NOVELS OF ADVENTURE RECENTLY PUBLISHED

- The Man of the Forest.** By Zane Grey. Harper.
Wyndham's Pal. By Harold Bindloss. Stokes.
Trailin'. By Max Brand. Putnam.
Cabin Fever. By B. M. Bower. Burt.
The Eye of Zeltoun. By Talbot Mundy. Bobbs-M.
The Cross Pull. By Hal G. Evarts. Knopf.
The Son of His Father. By Ridgwell Cullum. Burt.
Follow the Little Pictures. By Allan Graham. Little, Brown.
The Road to En-Dor. By E. H. Jones. J. Lane.
The Girl from Keller's. By Harold Bindloss. Burt.
Henry Elizabeth. By Justin M. McCarthy. J. Lane.
Wine O' The Winds. By Keene Abbott. Doubleday, P.
The Man from Bar 20. By Clarence E. Mulford. Burt.
Oh, You Tex! By William M. Raine. Houghton M.
The Second Latch Key. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Doubleday, P.
Novels and Tales. Sonoma ed. 20v. By Jack London. Macmillan.
Glory Rides the Range. By Ethel and James Dorrance. Macaulay.

AT NO time is the small book, the light book that does not tire the hand more appreciated than in the summer months. The book that doesn't weigh down the week-end bag, that slips into the knapsack or even the pocket, the book that isn't a burden on steamer, or train is a boon to everyone who goes vacationing whether it be from June to October or merely from Saturday noon till Monday morning. The volumes in the Nelson New Century Library measure only $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches and weigh less than eight ounces. They are no thicker than a monthly magazine. The use of thin India paper makes clear good-sized type possible. Shakespeare, the two Brownings, Trolloppe, Brontë, Austen, Scott, Thackeray, Stevenson, Emerson, Dickens, Dumas, Eliot, and Poe are all to be found between the flexible leather covers of this attractive edition. The newest volumes in this library are Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and Robert Browning's works in six volumes.

ANDERSON CROW's own words in the first of the ten incidents which make up George Barr McCutcheon's "Anderson Crow, Detective" (Dodd, Mead), tell best of the crowded life of Tinkletown's chief citizen: "If you'll excuse me now, I guess I'll be moving along to'ards home. I've still got a fire to put out, and a lot of other things to do besides. I've got to let the bank know I've recovered their money and left it in good hands. An' what's more I've got to repair the jail."

SUMMER'S THE TIME FOR BOOKS

By Dorothy Scarborough, Author of "From a Southern Porch," etc.

SUMMER'S the best time for books, as it's the best time for all-round living. In winter man is a prisoner in town, shut up in steam-heated houses, separated from the world by jealous walls, but in summer he is free. Man, like a bear, hibernates, and his mind and soul come forth at their best only when the warm weather calls him into the open. In winter he is shackled to a desk, and fettered by conventions in his reading as in everything else. Desks are man-made, artificial, while books—real books, that is—are alive, so that only when man himself is alive is he qualified to enjoy them to the full extent. In winter we read what other folks think we should, as we dress and move in accordance with the conventions set up by others, while in summer we dress and read as we like. We become natural in the presence of nature, and our minds go at ease.

Only when winter, with its icy decorum, is over, and spring, that unsettling period, is past,—only when we have had our semi-annual mind-clearing, rid our cellars of mouldy prejudices, renovated our attics with their dusty discards, put away our winter ideas in moth-balls till another term of imprisonment shall claim us—are we free. The fresh winds sweep thru our houses and our minds when the draperies of fashion are removed, and our thought-life is elementally bare and simple once more. We can begin to live then, and to live truly means to read.

The thrill of life is strongest in summer, and man lives exultantly in the open, as his nature craves. Summer is the time of eternal youth, and books are the true elixirs of life. Then we shed impeding years and come forth in new mental skins; we become children again, because we are returning to the simple, fundamental joys. We are young lovers once more, and read with the divine passion of our early years. We have the rapt curiosity of childhood, and seek in books the interpretation of our own natures and of the world. Blasé winter folk never can appreciate books!

In summer we are both more active and more passive than at any other time. And in either mood we find response and companionship in well-selected books.

Shall you go gypsying thru the country in your car, unperturbed by rail-road strikes or such vexations? Of course, you'll double the joy of such excursions by taking a few books along, to read as you stop in the shade to rest, their new thoughts companying you

as you start on again. To camp out under the stars, with a loved book to read beside the leaping camp-fire, or by a torch, is a pleasure not to be foregone. It doesn't matter so much about the people you take with you on your trip, if you have the right books. Or, if you haven't any car to go in, you can jaunt vicariously by reading of the gypsy trips that others have made, with mental notes of how you could have got far more out of the tour than they did, and with many a plan for your own future excursions.

Or perhaps you choose to take your exercise by walking—when the right book makes your outing perfect. Hear what Richard Le Gallienne says about it in his "Walking Song" in the April *Harper's*:

With Shakespeare in my pocket, and a blackened
English brier,
With a brook to run beside me, and the morning at
its spring,
With the climbing road before me, and the moun-
tains catching fire,
I feel as I imagine it must feel to be a king.

Note that among the essentials for this blissful state he puts the book first. His climax is rather weak, however, since kings have not recently been the happiest of mortals, chiefly because they have scant leisure for reading, small freedom to choose what books they shall enjoy. The average American is far more fortunate than a king, as kings go now. He can loiter before any book-stall, browse at liberty in any library, and depart with whatever prize he wishes.

Think how jolly it is to tramp afar with a chatty book under your arm; to read a page or so and then to meditate; to take issue with the writer, and frame how much better you would have put the opposite side. How nice it is to stop in the shade of some wayside tree, or on some inviting rock by a friendly stream, and read, with no telephone to jangle at you, with no insistent calls to duty to torment you, no intrusive human being to pluck you by the sleeve! Nature isn't an interruption—for the squirrel that chatters at you but makes reading pleasanter; that rabbit peeping slyly out from leafy covert respects your desire for silence, and the sociable green leaves above you flutter in sympathy with the paper leaves you turn. You enjoy reading the more since you recall that those white leaves came from some wood themselves. To stretch yourself at length upon the grass and read as long as you like—what bliss can compare with it? Or, if by sad mischance you are desk-bound even in summer, you can walk abroad in books, if not with them. You can tramp

farther than your own unaided legs would carry you, and can see a number of things that perhaps your own eyes would not discover.

If you are a mountain climber, you have the joy of stopping at intervals to rest, while you read the book you slipped into your pocket at the moment of starting. To munch a sandwich or an apple, and to read, with one eye on the page, and one upon the slope up which you've come, is a delight. And when you've reached the top, and looked your fill on valley, slope and sky, why then, of course, you sit and read awhile before you start the downward tramp. And forever mingled with the memories of that thrilling experience will be your impressions of the book you read. But even if you can't climb mountains for yourself this summer, you can have mountain-top emotions from books.

Maybe you like the blue water best, and go vacationing by boat. Then you have long, leisured mornings and afternoons when you lounge in your steamer chair on deck with some beloved book, and feel the sea-change that comes to body, mind and soul from such re-creation. But if—poor lover of the ocean depths and distances!—you are shut up in town, even so, you can, by reading Conrad or Stevenson, or any of the magicians of the mighty word in sea tales, feel the salt, cleansing spray beat on you in fancy, and thrill to the uplift of the tossing ship.

In short, whatever adventure your soul invites you to, can have an added color and zest if you take the right book along. And in those magical books you may find extension of your powers, as in dreams. You may struggle toward the frozen pole with Shackleton in his "South!", you may re-live an enchanted childhood with Hudson in "Far Away and Long Ago," you may dream gorgeously with Dunsany, you may pass thru the middle ages in James Branch Cabell's tapestried prose, you may be one with the great and gifted in all lands and all times. You can at your own will be prince or pauper, poet or economist, warrior or nun. The twenty-six little letters form a code that makes you free of all mysteries, master of all men's fancies. Books are the real potentates of earth.

But perchance you are more passive in your habits, and enjoy loafing rather than athletic exercise. Maybe you prefer to lounge in a porch swing, or in a hammock slung under some gossipy tree, than to walk or sail or motor, or to fly thru skyey clouds. True loafing is a joyous art, known only to a gifted few, who realize that one loafs ideally only with a book as aid. A book is great protection against interruption or outside demands, for when an inconsiderate human be-

ing comes up with some proposal for distasteful activity, all you need do is to murmur reproachfully, "I'm sorry, but I'm very busy reading." That settles the matter. You can read a page or so, and then send your mind into retreat for a time. You can rest the eye by looking at some distant lake, some wood, some cloud. You can send your thoughts on excursions up that little path that curves invitingly before you, or that city street which passes in front of your steps. Indoor reading has no such diverting possibilities. Books are made for the open.

In summer we read more in sympathy with what is set down in books than at any other time. How much more there is in poetry, for instance, when it is read in the presence of the things that poets write about—trees and stars and flowers and birds! How much more we get out of nature books, if we read them in summer out of doors! And we get more out of nature if we read the books that rightly reveal its secrets to us. We thrill more sympathetically to an immortal love story, for instance, if we are in some garden or green wood. Think of reading that wonderful passage of spring love in "Richard Feverel," for instance, inside a stuffy house!

We see more in summer and see the more as we read the more. The poets teach us to glimpse the gauzy veil of dusk, the rainbowed dawn, the mauve-blue shadows, the stanzaed beauty of day and night; teach us to hear the melodic murmurings of wind and water, the shy calls of woodland creatures, the metrical imaginings of birds. The eyes corroborate what poets tell us, and poetry read in the open imparts to us eternally the magic of such moments. Reading opens the physical as well as the mental eye for beauty and wonder, helps out all our senses—and it is only when we know books properly that we appreciate this world we live in. The written word, which is the most immortal thing man has created, has the power in turn to make him immortal. No one need be imprisoned by petty circumstance, when he can have a good book to read.

EDNA FERBER has again made use of restaurant phraseology in her new book "Half Portions" (Doubleday, Page). With "Roast Beef Medium" in mind we expect that these portions will be extremely palatable. This is a real Edna Ferber book about people who live right around the corner in whom unaided by Miss Ferber's insight we might not be able to discern the beautiful, the tragic or the humorous. And—to all ye Emma McChesney fans—the lady of the heather-bloom skirt appears once more.

PLEASANT PATHS IN SUMMER FICTION



NAN SOUGHT THE BENCH UNTIL SHE HAD SUFFICIENTLY MASTERED HER EMOTIONS
FROM "KINDRED OF THE DUST" BY PETER B. KYNE
Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

The Young Laird of Tyee

From Peter B. Kyne's "Kindred of the Dust"
(Cosmopolitan Book Corporation)

Hector MacKaye owner of the Tyee Lumber Company had two dominating passions—his love for the little town of Port Agnew which he had created and where he was known as "The Laird"—and his love for his son Donald in whom all his ambitions were centered. On Donald's return from an extended trip abroad following his graduation from college, he calls to see his former playmate and friend Nan, daughter of old Caleb Brent, a retired chief petty officer, who had built a tidy little house on the "Sawdust Pile," a tract of land allotted to him by the Laird. This call marks the beginning of Donald's problem.

"I'm rather glad you haven't heard, Donald," Nan replied evenly. "I much prefer to tell you myself; then you will understand why I cannot invite you into our house, and why you must not be seen talking to me here at the gate. I am not married. I have never been married. My baby's name is—Brent, and I call him Donald, after the only male human being that has ever been truly kind to my father and me."

"Well," he replied philosophically, "life is quite filled with a number of things, and some of them make for great unhappiness." He stooped and lifted the baby in his great arms. "You're named after me, sonny; so I think I'll try to fill the gap and make you happy. Do you mind, Nan, if I try my hand at foster-fathering? I like children. This

little man starts life under a handicap, but I'll see to it that he gets his chance in life—far from Port Agnew, if you desire." She closed her eyes in sudden pain and did not answer. "And whatever your opinion on the matter may be, Nan," he went on, "even had I known yesterday of your sorrow, I should have called to-day just the same."

"You call it my 'sorrow!'" she burst forth passionately. "Others call it my trouble—my sin—my disgrace."

"And what does Caleb call it, Nan?"

"He doesn't call it, Donald. It hasn't appeared to make any difference with him. I'm still—his little girl."

"Well, I cannot regard you as anything but a little girl—the same little girl that used to help Caleb and me sail the sloop. I don't wish to know anything about your sorrow, or your trouble, or your disgrace, or your sin, or whatever folks may choose to call it. I just want you to know that I know that you're a good woman, and when the spirit moves me—which will be frequently, now that I have this young man to look after—I shall converse with you at your front gate and visit you and your decent old father in this little house, and be damned to those that decry it. I am the young laird of Tyee. My father raised me to be a gentleman, and, by the gods, I'll be one!"

Mary Marie Explains

From Eleanor H. Porter's "Mary Marie"
(Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Lively Mary Marie, aged thirteen, begins her diary-novel as follows:

FATHER calls me Mary. Mother calls me Marie. Everybody else calls me Mary Marie. The rest of my name is Anderson.

I'm thirteen years old, and I'm a cross-current and a contradiction. That is, Sarah says I'm that. (Sarah is my old nurse.) She says she read it once—that the children of unlikes were always a cross-current and a contradiction. And my father and mother are unlikes, and I'm the children. That is, I'm the child. I'm all there is. And now I'm going to be a bigger cross-current and contradiction than



"I TOLD HER NOT TO WORRY A BIT ABOUT ME"
FROM "MARY MARIE" BY ELEANOR H. PORTER
Houghton Mifflin Co.

ever, for I'm going to live half the time with Mother and the other half with Father. Mother will go to Boston to live, and Father will stay here—a divorce, you know.

I'm terribly excited over it. None of the other girls have got a divorce in their families, and I always did like to be different. Besides, it ought to be awfully interesting, more so than just living along, common, with your father and mother in the same house all the time—especially if it's been anything like my house with my father and mother in it!

That's why I've decided to make a book of

it—that is, it really will be a book, only I shall have to call it a diary, on account of Father, you know. Won't it be funny when I don't have to do things on account of Father? And I won't, of course, the six months I'm living with Mother in Boston. But, oh, my!—the six months I'm living here with him—whew! But, then, I can stand it. I may even like it—some. Anyhow, it'll be different. And that's something.

Well, about making this into a book. As I started to say, he wouldn't let me. I know he wouldn't. He says novels are a silly waste of time, if not absolutely wicked. But, a diary—oh, he loves diaries! He keeps one himself, and he told me it would be an excellent and instructive discipline for me to do it, too—set down the weather and what I did every day.

Just as if I was going to write my novel like that! Not much I am. But I shall call it a diary. Oh, yes, I shall call it a diary—till I take it to be printed. Then I shall give it its true name—a novel. And I'm going to tell the printer that I've left it for him to make the spelling right, and put in all those tiresome little commas and periods and question marks that everybody seems to make such a fuss about. If I write the story part, I can't be expected to be bothered with looking up how words are spelt, every five minutes, nor fussing over putting in a whole lot of foolish little dots and dashes.

As if anybody who was reading the story cared for that part! The story's the thing.

The Revolt of Phoebe

From Anna Balmer Myers's "Patchwork"
(George W. Jacobs & Co.)

Phoebe's life was like the patchwork she resented so bitterly, its contrasts were so vivid, the somber years in the quaint Pennsylvania Dutch community set against the gay ones spent with the worldly friends in Philadelphia. We meet Phoebe first at the age of ten at work upon that everlasting patchwork.

THIS call of the Junetide came loudly and insistently to a little girl as she sat in the sitting-room of a prosperous farm-house in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and sewed gaily-colored pieces of red and green calico into patchwork.

"Ach, my!" she sighed, with all the dreariness which a ten-year-old is capable of feeling, "why must I patch when it's so nice out? I just ain't goin' to sew no more to-day!"

"Ach, I ain't afraid!"

The child opened the door and entered the kitchen, where the odor of boiling strawberry preserves proclaimed the cause of the aunt's activity.

As the child appeared in the doorway her aunt turned.

"So," the woman said pleasantly, "yon worked vonderful quick to-day once, Phoebe. Why, you got your patches done soon—did you make little stitches like I told you?"

"I ain't got 'em done!" The child stood erect, a defiant little figure, her blue eyes grown dark with the moment's tenseness. "I

ain't goin' to sew no more when it's so nice out! I want to be out in the yard, that's what I want. I just hate this here patchin' to-day, that's what I do!"

"Ach, now, stop your cryin' and go finish your patchin' and when you're done I'll leave you go in to Greenwald for me to the store and to Granny Hogendobler."

"Oh"—the child lifted her tear-stained face—"and dare I really go to Greenwald when I'm done?"

"Then I'll patch quick!" Phœbe said. The world was a good place again for the child as she went back to the sitting-room and resumed her sewing.

"Yes," Phœbe said to herself, "sometimes this room is vonderful to me. Only I wished the organ was a piano, like the one Mary Warner got to play on. But, ach, I must hurry once and make this patch done. Funny thing patchin' is, cuttin' up big pieces of good calico in little ones and then sewin' them up in big ones again! I don't like it."

The Language of Flowers

From Henry Milner Rideout's "The Foot-Path Way"
(Duffield & Co)

The color and atmosphere of the Far East make a brilliant setting for this vividly related tale of romantic adventure. Dan Towers had practically decided he had had enough excitement in foreign climes when fate and conscience made him rescuer and sponsor of a high-born Arabian girl, a mixture of sugar, spice, and gun powder. His new responsibility plunges Dan into a fresh round of adventures. While seeking out a certain Maharajah, he is entertained at the home of the only white man in the place, where he had taken lessons in high-class language from a pundit, Bishambar Nath.

AFTER dark, that evening, he sat at his dinner table, alone. He had dipped his spoon into a brown-water soup, when something fell lightly among the candles.

Dan looked at it, and picked it up. It was a beetle about as large as a June bug, with legs drawn together, dead.

"He died easy," thought Dan, pitching it out at the nearest window.

Insects at table were nothing new, and Dan would never have remembered this one if, as he made ready once more to eat, some other small object had not fallen with a thump at his right hand.

"Hallo!" said Dan.

The body of a small lizard, a gecko, lay with its tail across the point of his knife. The gecko, like the beetle, was dead.

"That's funny. Two things running."

He had hardly tossed the lizard outdoors and taken his soup spoon again, when a little white bundle sailed over his head, dropped, and rolled silently along the floor.

Dan rose, went after it, stooped, and brought up into the changing candle-light a dead jungle bird. It resembled a white egret, but had died not at all recently, and lacked many feathers.

"Three dead things," said Dan. "That ain't natural. That's artificial."

Still holding the bird, Towers walked forth into his verandah.

"Chucked in," he told himself, "chucked in

from the left, thru that window, three dead things. The language of flowers, eh? Three things chucked in, and all dead."

He went quietly downstairs to the lawn, and turning toward the left, made for the nearest bit of "cover" in that direction. As Dan approached this foliage, a voice spoke from behind it.

Did Bishambar Nath tell you, Mr. Towers, that you were to die to-night? Did he give you my letters?"

Dan suddenly found his life more interesting, now, than by daylight.

"What does that mean?" he asked. "No. Who are you?"

"Go back to your dinner, Mr. Towers, please, but eat nothing. Poison in the food for you to-night. You don't believe me? When the *khandsamah* is not looking, put your curry into this bag—" Something like a small, deflated football was tossed into Dan's arms, who caught it mechanically. It seemed to be a leather pouch. "If you'll bring that to me later, with your curry in it, I'll show you. The cook's new boy was bought over. Come when you hear me play on my mango-



PHOEBE HUNG HER HEAD ABASHED
FROM "PATCHWORK" BY ANNA BALMER MYERS
George W. Jacobs & Co.

stone. Really, truly, Mr. Towers, it's life and death. Do as I beg. Eat nothing, pretend to eat, and come here again when I play 'The Song of Sesame.' *Au revoir.*"

The white shape flitted away behind the rattan clump and vanished in a gap of the hedge. Dan went after it, but in vain.



MEET THE MARCEYS
FROM "GROWING UP" BY MARY HEATON VORSE
(Boni & Liveright)

To Spank or Not to Spank?

From Mary Heaton Vorse's "Growing Up."
(Boni & Liveright.)

Dramatis personae in this clever comedy of contemporary life: The Marceys—Alice and Tom—a pair of parents in the process of being educated; Robert, aged five, spanked ineffectually in early youth; Sara, aged two, who has howled almost without intermission since birth; Laurie, the nurse.

"Of course I shan't spank her," said Alice.

The Mooted Question had been answered forever for the Marceys. No spanking in that family. It humiliated the Spanker. It degraded the Spankee. There wasn't anything the Marceys could say bad enough about spanking. It was the resort of the weak. It was a confession of failure. Children needed spanking only in homes where there was no true discipline.

Here we come to a dark page—one without a moral, one that holds even an immoral in its somber web.

It had been a terrible afternoon. Laurie was out. Sara had been howling for two days. When she was a little baby one could stand it. Now that she could talk it seemed unbearable. If asked what was the matter, she screeched with rage. When Alice washed her face she screamed. Alice had left her on the bed a moment and told Robert to watch her. When she came up-stairs again she heard Robert saying:

"There, darling, there," in the tone of a

dove, while Sara, her face red, her curls bobbing, her finger pointed at Robert, screamed at him,

"GO! GO!" and this because he was keeping her on the bed, as he had been told to. Then Sara leaned forward and slapped Robert. She slapped him twice. Robert turned a patient, smiling face toward his mother.

"She does this when she gets mad," he explained. Red anger arose in Alice.

"You're a bad, naughty baby," she said, and here for good and all did Alice Marcey lose her complacency, for she picked up the screaming Sara, put her over her knee and spanked her smartly.

She did the unpardonable thing. She spanked a little helpless child in anger.

The howls of Sara subsided. She sobbed a little, pathetically and limply. Then she murmured:

"Sweet Mother." She kissed her mother. "Sweet buddie," she murmured, "sweet Bobby." She kissed Robert. She was a reformed infant. She wanted to kiss all the world. She swam in a sea of benevolence. When Alice dressed her and took her out of doors she fell to picking little nosegays of wild flowers, which she presented to Laurie and then to her mother. She was sweeter than honey in the honeycomb.

The Family Friend

From Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Affinities."
(George H. Doran Co.)

From "The Family Friend," one of a new collection of clever short stories about the younger smart set. Kit's mother had reminded her on the morning after her coming out party that there were only three marriageable men in town and eleven debutantes, four of whom were better looking than Kit. Of course Mother did not list Henry, the family friend who had always danced attendance on Kit, among the eligibles. However, it was Henry who had helped Kit to carry out her conspiracy to capture Russell Hill on whom she had decided by marking three cigarettes with the initials of the three eligibles and then drawing one. And it was Henry, too, who had made the elopement one of the features of the conspiracy and had arranged its details.

THE minute I was in the taxicab I was uncomfortable. All at once I didn't want to be married. I hoped Russell would miss the train, and I could go back home and be a spinster lady and be on committees.

But he did not miss the train. He was there, waiting. He had on a very ugly necktie and an English ulster that made his chest dish in, altho he has a good figure.

"Hello, girly," he said. "Stuff all here? Any excitement at home? No? Nice work."

My lips felt stiff.

We got into the train. There was no Pullman. Not that it mattered, but it helped to upset me. I hated eloping in a day coach. And a woman with a market basket sat across the aisle, and the legs of a chicken stuck out.

Russell squeezed into the seat beside me.

"Jove this is great!" he said. "Aren't you going to put your hand in my coat pocket, honey?"

Quite suddenly I said:

"I don't want to."

He drew away a trifle.

"You're nervous," he said. "So am I, for that matter."

"I don't think I'll marry you after all," I said.

"Eh? What?"

"I said I've changed my mind. I won't do it."

"I haven't changed mine."

"I'm not really in love with you."

"Now, look here, young lady," he said. "I'm no idiot. I knew before you were born some of the stunts you pulled. I've never been fooled for a minute about them. But you're going to marry me. Why? Because I'm crazy about you. That's why. And that's enough."

It was terrible. And there was no way out, none. The train rumbled on. And then at last it was over, and we were there, and I was being led like a sheep to the altar, and Henry was on the platform with ring and license and all the implements of sacrifice.

"Behold," said Russell from the train platform, "the family friend is on hand."

Henry came up. He looked cheerful enough, altho I fancied he was pale. I liked his necktie. I always liked Henry's ties.

"Hello," he said. "Everything here? Where's your luggage?"

"Baggage car," said Russell. "Look after Kit, Henry, will you? I'll see to it."

He hadn't taken two steps before Henry had clutched my arm.

"I knew you wouldn't," he said. "I can see it in your face."

"Henry!" I gasped. "What am I to do?"

A Donegal Girl's Destiny

From Patrick MacGill's "Maureen"
(Robert M. McBride & Co.)

The author of "The Rat Pit" paints another realistic picture of Donegal peasant life.

Maureen O'Malley had borne in silence all that the child of an unmarried mother has to endure in an Irish village until the death of her mother; then she resolved to go away to work in spite of the pleading of her lover, Cathal Cassidy.

"I'm goin' away because I do care for ye," said the girl. "I've always cared for ye, Cathal. If I stay here it will be the black look and the hard word for me as long as I live. And if ye take the notion iv helpin' me into yer head it will be the same for yerself. And ye'll be sorry for it, not maybe now, but in after years."

"Not me," said Cathal, setting his teeth and closing his fists as if threatening those who dared to molest the girl by word or look. "If they'd only dare."

"They'd dare," said the girl. "Not maybe to yer face, but behind yer back. Ye don't know the people. Ye weren't me or me mother, God rest her. And when ye would marry me, as ye would, I know, for ye're not like the fellows about the place. Ye're good and kind and never a man that would put a girl to shame. Ye learn a lot thru sorrow; and it's much that me mother, God

rest her! told me that's known to nobody beyond me and herself. And nobody only meself knows the woman that she was, so good and so kind. And it wasn't her to blame any one at all for what happened. 'Twas all me fault,' she said. But beyond that she would tell me nothin'. 'God knows,' she used to say, 'and meself and another,' but who the other was she never told me, and I never asked her. She didn't want to put him to shame, whoever he was. And I'm like her, Cathal. I don't want to put anybody to shame, neither for a fault that's their own or for a fault that's not their own. I could never marry yerself, Cathal. We'd be sorry for it ever after, the two iv us, if I took yer name."

"I wouldn't be sorry," said the young man. "As if I would and not a girl in the whole world like ye, Maureen. What would I care what people would say?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed passionately. "If I would hear them sayin' anything against ye, Maureen, I'd let them know." He thrust out his fist as if striking somebody—"Oh, Maureen!"



IN THE GARDEN OF YOUTH
FROM "AFFINITIES" BY MARY ROBERTS RHINEHART
George H. Doran Co.

"Iv course I know that ye'd never let on to me, even if ye were," said the girl. "But I'd be thinkin' this and that and I'd never have a minute's happiness. Good-by to ye, Cathal."

An Icelandic Damon and Pythias

From Maurice Hewlett's "The Light Heart"
(Henry Holt & Co.)

While Mr. Hewlett has taken the material for this novel from an Iceland saga, he has made the story thoroly his own. The tale of the devoted friendship between the two youths, Thormod and Thorgar combines keen characterization with adventure which has the vigor and spirit of the North.

BUT [Thormod] did not realize how intensely he loved Thorgar until he ran the risk of losing him altogether.

That happened when he was twenty years old, and Thorgar, maybe, nineteen. It was high summer, and they had gone off together to the cliffs at the Horn to get angelica. The pipy stalks of the plant make a good sweetmeat, and the best ones come from the Horn where the cliffs are sheer over the sea: a wild and dangerous place, the extreme north-west of Iceland. Below the edge of the cliff, a man's height down, there was a grassy shelf where the angelica grew finest. Thorgar let himself down to that dangerous place, and what he cut of the stuff he passed up to Thormod on the brink.

Thormod, with an armful, was away for a few minutes, bearing it out of the wind to the shelter where they had left their cloaks and weapons. While he was away the scree on which the angelica grew gave way under Thorgar, who slipped off the shelf and, had he not caught hold of a plant close to the root, he must have dropped to the sea, some sixty fathoms below him. There he hung, while Thormod, in no sort of hurry, sat himself

down on the cliff. By and by, without stirring from his place, he called out to his friend, "You must have enough by now."

Thorgar's voice sounded far and faint. "I guess I shall have enough by the time I have pulled this one up."

Thormod did not hear what he said, tho he heard him speak. He got up slowly and went to the edge to look over. Then he saw Thorgar's hand, and nothing else of him. All at once, he saw his instant danger, and grew grey in the face.

In a moment he had dropped over the edge on to the shelf, threw himself flat and caught Thorgar by the wrist. As he hauled him up the angelica root broke away from the scree. He brought him safely to bank, however, and sat down to recover himself.

A Castle of Mystery

From Cynthia Lombardi's "A Cry of Youth"
(D. Appleton & Co.)

The principals in this idyl of young love are: Margaret Randolph, an American girl of an aristocratic but reduced family, unhappily and unsuccessfully trying to earn her living in Rome; Leone Estori, a handsome Italian youth destined for the priesthood; and Fauvel an artist acquaintance of the lovers. When the outlook seems darkest to Margaret, Fauvel proposes she go to fill a position with a family of Belmontes living in a castle in the Appenines. On her arrival, Margaret is at first puzzled by the non-appearance of the Belmontes and then startled by the figure of a knight, with the features of her lover, who steps from a gilded frame and addresses her.

She put her hand on his head; the tonsure was gone. The thick clustering curls that had always been rebellious of their clipping had almost concealed it. "Your habit," she said, "what have you done with it?"

"I changed in a lonely woods. Fauvel provided me with clothes, and I packed my habit in a valise and carried it away with me unnoticed; I met him a few miles distant on the road. We reached the castle after dark and I kept in the background for a few days until my hair grew out somewhat."

"And you honestly knew nothing of Fauvel's plan for bringing me here?"

"As God lives, I swear it. I took advantage of the trust that was placed in me, I disobeyed, I deceived, I lied; but I knew nothing of this. I came here simply to get the money to save you from want, or worse. I have posed for Fauvel for hours and hours, dressed in all kinds of stage toggery, as a beggar, a saint, a knight, so that yesterday I was almost relieved to have him go. I have given in to all he exacted, all his caprices, such as appearing in this ridiculous costume to-night. He said his reason for my wearing it would soon be explained and that I would understand his motives. But I have done it all for you—for you."

"Nothing is explained," she said; "the mystery becomes deeper and deeper to me. And the Belmontes," she added, "who and where are they?"

"I am the Signor Belmonte," he said, rising; "but I know of no other lady in the castle but yourself."

NEW DETECTIVE MYSTERY YARNS

- The Dark Mirror.** By Louis Joseph Vance. Doubleday, P.
The Man with Three Names. By Harold MacGrath. Doubleday, P.
The Fortieth Door. By Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradley. Appleton.
Raspberry Jam. By Carolyn Wells. Lip-pincott.
The Secret of Sarek. By Maurice Leblanc. Macaulay.
Whispers. By Louis Dodge. Scribner.
The Slayer of Souls. By Robert W. Chambers. Doran.
The Man in the Moonlight. By Rupert S. Holland. Jacobs.
The Triple Mystery. By Adele Luehrman. Dodd, M.
The Melwood Mystery. By James Hay, Jr. Dodd, M.
The Golden Scorpion. By Sax Rohmer. McBride.
The Paradise Mystery. By J. S. Fletcher. Knopf.
The Whispering Dead. By Alfred Ganchilly. Knopf.
The Mystery at the Blue Villa. By Melville Davisson Post. Appleton.
The Strange Case of Mortimer Fenley. By Louis Tracy. Clode.
The Mystery in the Ritsmore. By William Johnston. Little, Brown.
The La Chance Mine Mystery. By S. Carlton. Little, Brown.
The Red Lady. By Katharine Newlin Burt. Houghton M.
The Unlatched Door. By Lee Thayer. Century.
The Splendid Outcast. By George Gibbs. Appleton.

The Crawling Clock

From Francis Brett Young's "The Young Physician"
(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The character of Edwin Ingoldsby, an intellectual, imaginative boy, is vividly realized in this story of his development from school days into adolescence and of his contact with life as a physician. Because Ingoldsby thought he must make himself like the other boys at Saint Luke's, he forced himself to do things from which he most shrank. That is why he broke bounds in racing week—a crime for which a perfect Giles had once been expelled—and actually attended the races. Ingoldsby knew he had been recognized there by an infirmiry matron. Hence his consternation at being summoned to the Head among other culprits of the week.

EDWIN felt himself going white. He was going to share the fate of the traditional Giles. Good Lord . . . think of it! Now his face was burning. It struck him that it wasn't a bit of good worrying. If it weren't . . . if it weren't for his mother it really wouldn't be so bad. He couldn't bear to think of her disappointment in his disgrace. She thought so much of him. It wouldn't be quite so bad if she were not ill. It might kill her. Good God! . . . that would be awful! Suppose, after all (it was no good supposing), that the Head wanted to see him about something else. . . . There wasn't anything else. Unless . . . unless it were something to do with his mother. Unless she were seriously ill . . . even something worse. But he had her letter. It couldn't be that. Yesterday she was well enough to write him. No . . . the story was out, and he was going to be expelled. In three quarters of an hour he would know the worst. He wished that the time would pass more quickly. Time had never been so slow in passing. The clock in the tower chimed the quarter. He could see the minute-hand give a little lurch and move infinitesimally forward. There must be something wrong with the clock to-day. In the middle of this purgatory one half-humorous fancy came to him: "At any rate old Griff will know that I did go to the races now."

They waited, a miserable company of all shapes and sizes: some, who knew the worst, with a rather exaggerated jauntiness, determined to make the best of it; others, such as Edwin, being in doubt of their fate and burdened with a spiritual apprehension far worse than any physical penalty which might overtake them.

One by one the members of the crowd entered and returned. It seemed to Edwin that his turn would never come. All the time that he waited his imagination (accursed gift!) was playing with the hidden scene within: the long table, that he had seen only once before, and, at the head of it, the lean, bearded figure in the silk gown wielding an absolute power of life and death like God in the Old Testament. Yes, it was just like that. He remembered a minatory text that hung cobwebbed in one of the attics at home: PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD. It was not pleasant to hear these muffled sounds of chastisement, but what was a flogging compared with the more devastating fate that awaited him? "That's why he's keeping me till last," he thought.

"Ingleby . . ." said the sergeant.

A Slice of Ghetto Life

From Bertha Pearl's "Sarah and her Daughter."
(Thomas Seltzer.)

The Mendel family—Elias, the pious father, Sarah, his less orthodox wife, and their children, Minnie, Jacob and Bubbele—late from a Baltic village soon found want staring them in the face in America. Sarah laid all their troubles to Elias' religious scruples against working on the Jewish Sabbath, and, hearing that there was an institution in America for dealing with refractory husbands, she took Elias to court. Much to Sarah's astonishment and distress, her husband was committed for ten days. The disgrace seemed greater than she could bear when the matter leaked out thru Minnie's chattering, she supposed, to Abie Ratkin, the janitress's son. Sarah, just back from a day's work, overhears Mrs. Ratkin entertaining the neighbors with tales of the "awful character of that Sarah Mendel woman."

WHEN Sarah did day's work, Minnie served as the charwoman. Thursdays she scrubbed for the Sabbath. Little East Side children



"HE'S GONE," HE SAID, PANTING. "HE'S DEAD . . .
HEART . . ."

FROM "THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN" BY FRANCIS BRETT
YOUNG

E. P. Dutton & Co.

talk of having to do "my scrubbing," "my washing." Minnie had no knack for scrubbing. Scold her as one would, she invariably got herself wet, even to her shoes and stockings. The first sight to greet Sarah was a sopping Minnie, and it required less than this to kindle her anger to white heat. She could scarcely contain herself. She wanted to strike the child. The temptation was so great that she had to look away.

"Look at the water in the pail. It is filthy!" Sarah glared at her daughter, who wondered what had brought her mother home so cross.

"It's the last piece, I don't need no clean water."

Sarah swooped down upon the pail, carried it to the sink with a furious gesture, poured out the water and refilled the pail. Minnie frightened, began to cry.

"Look," Sarah shouted, "look how wet you are!" and she pulled roughly at Minnie's dress.

A sobbing Minnie rose from the floor and walked into the bedroom. When a child of eight has scrubbed two floors, has laid clean newspaper over a table she has scoured, and over a stove she has polished; and has prepared supper for six—well, it is rather hard to be scolded instead of praised. Minnie sobbed harder and harder.

Sarah opened the floodgates of her heart.

"A thousand times I told you not to tell Abie about the court—a thousand times. And you told him. You must have told his mother, too, because she knows. What devil of a child are you?"

Minnie gazed wide-eyed and started to make denial. Her mother shrieked at her to be still. Minnie turned ashen white and sobbed so hard that her small frame shook. She fell silent from exhaustion.

"God, my God!" Sarah thought as she gazed out upon the dingy red of the rear tenement. "Will it be like this forever? Work—slave—for what? What have we? A child like Minnie must scrub and clean, and I must go out to work for strangers. Elias is not well, Jacob must peddle papers, and yet we have not enough for shoes. And a foul tongue like the Ratkin woman's dares yet to besmirch me!" She was racked to the very depths of her being.



"WITH KNIVES, THE MOHEGAN CODE . . . YOU WOULD HAVE A DUEL!"

FROM "BARENT CREIGHTON, A ROMANCE" BY DON C. SHAFER

Alfred A. Knopf

Aunt Abigail's Acres

From Don Cameron Shafer's "Barent Creighton"
(Alfred A. Knopf.)

Barent Creighton—the red-headed, penniless hero soon to be launched on a sea of adventure, mystery and intrigue—learns of his strange inheritance from Aunt Abigail, as Lawyer Zodoc Goodrich read the will.

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, Barent Creighton, a bunch of keys. . . ."

"What?" I cried, startled out of my lethargy.

"A bunch of keys," repeated Zodoc almost in a whisper.

For he well understood my great need of money.

"Item number two," continued the Judge, "'a lacquered box containing seven small Indian manikins of curious workmanship.'"

"What!" I cried, even louder than before.

"Seven little gold gods," repeated Zodoc.

There in their lacquered box were seven little Inca gods, barely three inches in height and hollow at that! And one of the little devils, I bethought me at the time, (perhaps he who presided over my ill fortune!) actually grinned up in my very face!

"Item number three," the Judge went on, as tho anxious to get the ghastly business o'er, "'a roll of old manuscript parchment in a leaden case, whereon is limned a sea sketch, the legend in an unknown foreign hand—'"

I sank further down in my chair, groaning aloud!

"Just the kind of a legacy one in hard luck might expect from a breed of sailors," I commented.

"Your grandfather," explained the Judge, "seemed to treasure these things highly."

This curious manuscript, designated as item No. 3, had once been sealed in a thin lead tube which had been clumsily opened with a sheath knife. I pulled out the sheepskin, its edges hardened and cracked, dirty and worn. Something my grandfather had undoubtedly picked up in the South Seas. The sketch showed a bit of the sea, not so crudely done, with the surf pounding upon the reefs, an island and a curious inlet faced by a promontory. And beneath this pen-and-ink drawing was a dozen or so lines of fine handwriting in an ancient script. Its entire value was, I judged, about a copper two-cent piece.

"Item number four," read the Judge, while I was examining my inheritance. "'Five thousand acres of land in the township of Esperance, County of Dutchess, State of New York, known as the Von Laar patent; together with all leases, rents, implements, buildings, also the Manor House and contents to be held by the said Barent Creighton as trustee,'" finished the Judge slowly, "'as trustee'—ahem!—'for the'—ahaw! 'for—for the—wife of Barent Creighton.'"

"For the wife of Barent Creighton!" I stammered, with dry lips. "But, but, Judge—as much as Aunt Abigail hated me—she couldn't possibly do that!"

"My boy," said he, "there are no buts about it—she always would have you married."

Conrad in a Colorful New Sea Tale

From Joseph Conrad's "The Rescue."
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The opening scene is an unforgettable picture of a windless, death-peaceful day on the South Seas, a becalmed ship freighted with arms for a Javanese revolution, and against the calm about him, the storm in the soul of the white man, the captain. Carter, chief seaman of the four-oared open gig that has come along side Tom Lingard's brig, has brought an appeal from the owner of a yacht stranded on a sandbar to report its predicament in Anjer or to any Dutch or British man-of-war. Lingard is startled at learning the yacht's exact location.

"I AM going to the yacht and I shall keep the letter," answered Lingard with decision. "I know exactly where she is, and I must go to the rescue of those people. It's most fortunate you've fallen in with me, Mr. Carter. Fortunate for them and fortunate for me," he added in a lower tone.

"Yes," drawled Carter reflectively. "There may be a tidy bit of salvage money if you should get the vessel off, but I don't think you can do much. I had better stay out here and try to speak some gunboat—"

"You must come back to your ship with me," said Lingard, authoritatively. "Never mind the gunboats."

"That wouldn't be carrying out my orders," argued Carter. "I've got to speak a home-ward-bound ship or a man-of-war—that's plain enough. I am not anxious to knock about for days in an open boat, but—let me fill my fresh-water breaker, Captain, and I will be off."

"Nonsense," said Lingard, sharply. "You've got to come with me to show the place and—and help. I'll take your boat in tow."

Carter did not seem convinced. Lingard laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, young fellow. I am Tom Lingard and there's not a white man among these islands, and very few natives, that have not heard of me. My luck brought you into my ship—and now I've got you, you must stay. You must!"

The last "must" burst out loud and sharp like a pistol-shot. Carter stepped back.

"Do you mean you would keep me by force?" he asked, startled.

"Force," repeated Lingard. "It rests with you. I cannot let you speak any vessel. Your yacht has gone ashore in a most inconvenient place—for me; and with your boats sent off here and there, you would bring every infernal gunboat buzzing to a spot that was as quiet and retired as the heart of man could wish. You stranding just on that spot of the whole coast was my bad luck. And that I could not help. You coming upon me like this is my good luck. And that I hold!"

"Do you know into what hornet's nest your stupid people have blundered? How much d'ye think their lives are worth, just now? Not a brass farthing if the breeze fails me for another twenty-four hours. You may well open your eyes. It is so! And it may be too late now, while I am arguing with you here."

The Mystery of the Madman's Hut

From Joseph Hocking's "The Passion for Life."
(Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Just before the war Francis Erskine, a rising young barrister, given only a year to live by his physician, establishes himself with his devoted manservant in a small Cornish cottage about which mysterious rumors have circulated. Erskine had been one silent night, dwelling on the mystery of the Beyond.

I FELT as tho invisible presences were near me, as tho they were trying to speak to me; but I could not understand the language.

I tried to pierce the veil which hung between me and the Beyond. I tried to under-



"YES, I HAVE AN INTENSE DESIRE TO LIVE—A PASSION FOR LIFE"

FROM "THE PASSION FOR LIFE" BY JOSEPH HOCKING
Fleming H. Revell Co.

stand the meaning of the far-off voices which were wafted to me by the night breezes. I wanted to read the riddle of Life and Death.

Then, suddenly, I heard voices, and I was brought back from things intangible and mysterious to things mundane.

"You are sure he knows nothing?" It was a woman's voice I heard.

"Perfectly sure. I questioned him closely this morning. I so framed my questions that he could have no suspicion—but always with the same result."

"But why should he choose a place like this?"

Surely, if he is ill, dying, he would never come to a madman's hut, in a place where murder was supposed to be committed."

"I tell you that there is no need for fear; he suspects nothing—he is just what he seems to be."

The voices died away. The man and woman whom I had heard talking, and whom I had dimly seen, descended the hill, and were lost in the darkness. Then it was that, in spite of myself, I became interested in things mundane. Why they should do so I could not imagine, but I felt that they had been talking about me. But why should they? What was the purport of their conversation? How had I become mixed up in the plans of people of whom I knew nothing? I felt myself at the centre of a mystery, and my interest in that mystery caused the greater mystery of Life and Death to lose its hold on me.

What Happened to Betty?

From Grace Livingston Hill's "Exit Betty"
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The minister had just begun the service in the church crowded with fashionable wedding guests when suddenly, Betty, the bride—young, beautiful and rich—raised frightened eyes to the groom, her stepmother's son, and sank in a little white heap at the altar. In the big gloomy vestry, Betty has regained consciousness. She is alone for the moment while her stepmother and the doctor consult outside the door. All this occurs in the opening chapter.

SHE opened her eyes and looked furtively

about the room. There was no one there, and the door was closed. She could hear them murmuring in low tones just beyond it. She looked wildly about her with a frantic thought of escape. The two windows were deeply curtained, giving a narrow glimpse of blank wall. She sprang softly to her feet and looked out. There was a stone pavement far below. She turned silently and tried a door. It opened into a closet overflowing with musty hymn-books.

She sprang to her feet again and glided noiselessly to the only remaining uninvestigated door in the room. If this was another closet she would shut herself inside and stay till she died. She had read tales of people dying in a small space from lack of air. At least, if she did not die she could stay here till she had time to think. There was a key in the lock. Her fingers closed around it and drew it stealthily from the keyhole, as she slid thru the door, drawing her rich draperies ruthlessly after. Her fingers were trembling so that she scarcely could fit the key in the lock again and turn it, and every click of the metal, every creak of the door, sounded like a gong in her ears. Her heart was fluttering wildly and the blood seemed to be pouring in torrents behind her ear-drums. She could not be sure whether there were noises in the room she had just left or not. She put her hand over her heart, turned with a sickening dread to look about her prison, and behold, it was not a closet at all, but a dark landing to a narrow flight of stone steps that wound down out of sight into the shadows. With a shudder she gathered her white impediment about her and crept down the murky way, frightened, yet glad to creep within the friendly darkness.

There were unmistakable sounds of footsteps overhead now, and sharp exclamations. A hand tried the door above and rattled it violently. For an instant her heart beat frightfully in her throat at the thought that perhaps after all she had not succeeded in quite locking it, but the door held, and she flew on blindly down the stairs, caring little where they led only so that she might hide quickly before they found the janitor and pried that door open.

The stairs ended in a little hall and a glass door. She fumbled wildly with the knob. It was locked, but there was a key! It was a large one and stuck, and gave a great deal of trouble in turning. Her fingers seemed so weak!

Above the noises grew louder. She fancied the door was open and the whole churchful of people were after her. She threw her full weight with fear in the balance, and the key turned. She wrenched it out of the rusty keyhole and stooping down felt with both hands to steady it into place again, and with one more Herculean effort she locked it and stood up, trembling so that she could scarcely keep her balance. At least she was safe for a moment and could get her breath. But where could she go?

GOOD STORIES IN POPULAR PRICED REPRINTS

- The Golden Bough.** By George Gibbs. Grosset & D.
- The Clutch of Circumstance.** By Marjorie Benton Cooke, Burt.
- Wings of the Morning.** By Louis Tracy. Grosset & D.
- The Restless Sex.** By Robert W. Chambers. Burt.
- White Man.** By George Agnew Chamberlain. Grosset & D.
- Ransom.** By Arthur Somers Roche. Burt.
- Room Number 3.** By Anna Katharine Green. Burt.
- The House 'round the Corner.** By Gordon Holmes. Grosset & D.
- The Lonely Stronghold.** By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. Burt.
- The House of Torchy.** By Sewell Ford. Grosset & D.
- The Eyes of the Blind.** By Arthur Somers Roche. Burt.
- House of Intrigue.** By Arthur J. Stringer. Grosset & D.
- The City of Masks.** By George Barr McCutcheon. Burt.
- Love Stories.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Grosset & D.
- The Cinema Murder.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Burt.
- Oh! Money! Money!** By Eleanor H. Porter. Grosset & D.
- The Wire Devils.** By Frank L. Packard. Burt.
- Shadow Mountain.** By Dane Coolidge. Grosset & D.
- The Pawns Count.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Burt.
- An American Family.** By Henry Kitchell Webster. Grosset & D.

Books

From St. John Ervine's *"The Foolish Lovers"*
(Macmillan Co.)

This new novel by the author of "Changing Winds," etc., and the successful dramas "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg" depicts again the plain north of Ireland folk so wisely interpreted by Mr. Ervine in his earlier novel "Mrs. Martin's Man." The story deals with an Irish youth who at the outset of the story lives with his mother, a widow, and two understanding old uncles, Uncle William who tends the shop and Uncle Matthew who lost his post as school master because he had once been arrested for breaking a haberdasher's window in Belfast. His provocation was a sign "We Mourn Our Departed Queen—Mourning Orders Promptly Executed;" his defense, "I love the Queen, sir, and I couldn't bear to see her death treated like that."

Young John has been thinking a bit about his life work. He has already rejected the callings of teacher, Presbyterian minister and helper in the shop.

"I'm going to start a bookshop," [John] said. "I made up my mind in Belfast to-day!"

"A what?" Mrs. MacDermott demanded.

"A bookshop, ma. I'll have every book you can think of in it! . . ."

"In the name of God," his mother exclaimed, "who do you think buys books in this place?"

"Plenty of people, ma. Mr. McCaughan! . . ."

"Mr. McCaughan never buys a book from one year's end to another," she interrupted. "And if he did, you can't support a shop on one man's custom. The people of this town doesn't waste their time on reading: they do their work!"

John turned angrily on her. "It's not a waste of time to read books, ma. Is it, Uncle Matthew?"

"You may well ask him," she said before Uncle Matthew could answer.

"What do you think Uncle William?" John went on.

Uncle William thought for a few moments. "I don't know what to think," he said. "It's not a trade I know much about, John, but I doubt whether there's a living in it in Ball-yards."

"There's no living in it," Mrs. MacDermott exclaimed passionately, "and if there was, you shouldn't earn your living by it!"

John gazed at her in astonishment. Her eyes were shining, not with tears, tho tears were not far from them, but with resentment and anger.

"Why, ma?" he said.

"Because books are the ruin of people's minds," she replied. "Your da was always reading books, wild books that disturbed him. He was never done reading 'The Rights of Man.' And look at your Uncle Matthew! . . ."

"I don't want to say one word to hurt anyone's feelings," she continued in a lower tone, "but my life's been made miserable by books, and I don't want to see my son made miserable, too. And you knew well, Matthew," she added, turning to her brother-in-law, "that all your reading has done you no good, but a great deal of harm. And what's the use of books, anyway? Will they help a man to make a better life for himself?"

Uncle Matthew turned to her quickly. "They will, they will," he said, and his voice trembled with emotion. "People can take your work from you and make little of you in the street because you did what your heart told you to do, but you'll get your comfort in a book, so you will. I know what you're hinting at, Hannah, but I'm not ashamed of what I did for the oul' Queen, and I'd do it again, gaol or no gaol, if I was to be hanged for it the day of after!"

He turned to John.

"I don't know what sort of a living you'll make out of selling books," he said, "and I don't care either, but if you do start a shop to sell them, let me tell you this, you'll never prosper in it if it doesn't hurt you sore to part with a book, for books is like nothing else on God's earth. You *have* to love them . . . you *have* to love them! . . ."

"You're daft," said Mrs. MacDermott.

"Mebbe I am," Uncle Matthew replied wearily. "But that's the way I feel, and no man can help the way he feels!"

"You can help putting notions into a person's head," said Mrs. MacDermott. "John might as well try to *write* books as try to sell them in this town!"

"Write books!" John exclaimed.

"Aye, write them!" . . .

But Uncle Matthew would not let her finish her sentence. "And why shouldn't he



THERE ON THE FRONT PAGE IN BIG LETTERS RAN THE
HEADING

FROM "EXIT BETTY" BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL
J. B. Lippincott Co.

write books if he has a mind to it?" he demanded. "Wasn't he always the wee lad for scribbling bits of stories in penny exercise books? . . ."

Uncle William had lit his pipe, and was sitting in a listening attitude, slowly puffing smoke. "I'm wondering," he said, "whether it's more fun to be writing about things nor it is to be doing things!"

John turned to him and tapped him on the knee. "I've thought of that, Uncle William," he said, "and I tell you what! I'll go and do something, and then I'll write a book about it!"

"And what about the bookshop?" said Uncle Matthew.

"Och, that was only a notion that came into my head," John answered. "I won't bother myself selling books: I'll write them instead!"

From Maggie to Margot

From Douglas Goldring's "Margot's Progress"
(Thomas Seltzer.)

Maggie Carter, daughter of a Montreal Scotch grocer, after a few hectic weeks in Paris, had converted herself into Margot Cartier, an heiress of French Canadian extraction. Beauty, youth, adaptability and an utter lack of conscience had been the chief factors in Maggie's rapid ascent. On the steamer she had annexed a rich and kindly middle-aged couple, the Falkenheims, English Jews, whose guest she had contrived to become in Paris. Mr. Israel Falkenheim who would never put the "i" in her name and Maggie were listening to the music in the hotel court.

MARGOT hated to be anywhere where she could not "watch the people." It was the continuous and absorbing occupation of her waking hours.

Israel smoked his cigar in comfortable contemplation and watched her.

"Well, Miss Carter," he said at last, "so you will open in London to-morrow!"

"You talk as if I was an actress," she remarked, not quite concealing her irritation.

"Oh, no, my dear, not an actress. . . ."

"An adventuress then!"

Israel smiled. "We all have our little adventures. My life has been full of them. And you, Miss Carter, I think you will have your adventures too!"

Margot was undecided for a moment whether to be haughty or frank. Distrust of her ability to carry things off with a consistently high hand eventually decided her to be frank. The atmosphere of suspense was getting on her nerves. If she made a clean breast of it she felt certain of getting him on her side.

"Of course, I want to get on," she remarked, smiling at him.

"To marry?"

"No. not just to marry. To marry rather . . . rather importantly!"

"That should be easy enough for you. You are indeed lovely: and men are still men. It is all the better, also, that you have money of your own. My wife and I will find you a crowd of 'important' husbands. You shall take your choice. If you want a lord, why

it is easy if your fortune is sufficient!" He patted her hand affectionately.

"My fortune is sufficient to keep me alive for nearly one year—if I'm careful," she remarked quietly. "So now you know. I never said I was an heiress, did I? I've got somewhere about £500!" Having burnt her boats by blurting out the truth, Margot suffered an agony of suspense. The old man's jaw dropped, and he turned on her a prolonged stare. "Oh, what a fool I am," she thought, "I've gone and ruined everything! He'll offer me a job as his wife's companion or as governess to somebody's children. But I won't be a companion—I won't—I won't!"

"You are a plucky little soul, and no mistake," the old man eventually remarked. "I'll keep your secret—for a time at all events. You shan't have to break into your nest-egg for another six months, I promise you that. After then, we'll see."

"You're very kind, Mr. Falkenheim," she said. "It's real good of you and Mrs. Falkenheim to give me a helping hand."

"Six months," she muttered to herself after she had got into bed. "I'll make the pair of them ashamed of their damned bargain within six weeks."

The Black Bordered Letter

From James A. Cooper's "Tobias o' the Light"
(George Sully & Co.)

Cap'n Tobias, keeper of the Twin Light Rocks Light, a worthy old dispenser of Cape Cod witticisms, and his less jovial but none the less likeable spinister sister, Heppy, play the rôles of match-makers, in this salt-water romance, for a pair of young folks who don't know their own minds. A black bordered letter delivered by Amos Pickering, the rural mail carrier, presages an event of considerable moment in the fortunes of the older couple.

"WAL, now, who can this be from?"

"It's got a black border onto it, Tobias," said the mail carrier, voicing the curiosity that ate like acid on his mind. "And it's post-marked at Batten. Ain't that where your Uncle Jethro lives?"

"Sure enough!" agreed the lightkeeper. "But 'tain't his hand o' write—nossir!"

"I cal'late he's dead, Tobias."

"Then it's sartain he didn't send this letter with the black border."

"Well, it must be something about him, don't you think?" suggested the mail carrier leaning forward, his eager eyes twinkling.

"Why, we ain't in correspondence with nobody down there to Batten," said Tobias slowly, and holding the letter far off as tho he feared it might explode.

Miss Heppy had got to her feet now and came forward.

"What's the matter with you, Tobias?" she cried. "Why don't you open it? Amos won't get home to-night if you don't."

Her gentle sarcasm was quite lost on the two men. Her brother shook his head.

"Can't open it," he said.

"Why not, for love's sake?" demanded the exasperated Heppy.

"Cause it's for you," chuckled Tobias, thrusting the letter into her hand.

"For love's sake!" repeated Miss Heppy much flustered. "I can't read it, Tobias. I ain't got my specs here."

"No more have I," her brother rejoined. "But I cal'late I can read it for you if tain't writ in Choctaw."

"Batten, Mass.

"Miss Hephzibah Basset,
"Twin Rocks Light.

"Dear Miss Heppy:

"Your uncle, Captain Jethro Potts, of this town, passed into rest this day at noon. The funeral is set for Thursday at ten in the morning, that being high tide. You and your family is hereby notified and are requested to be present at the unsealing of Captain Potts' will in Judge Waddams' office which will follow the ceremony at the grave.

"Your relation by marriage,

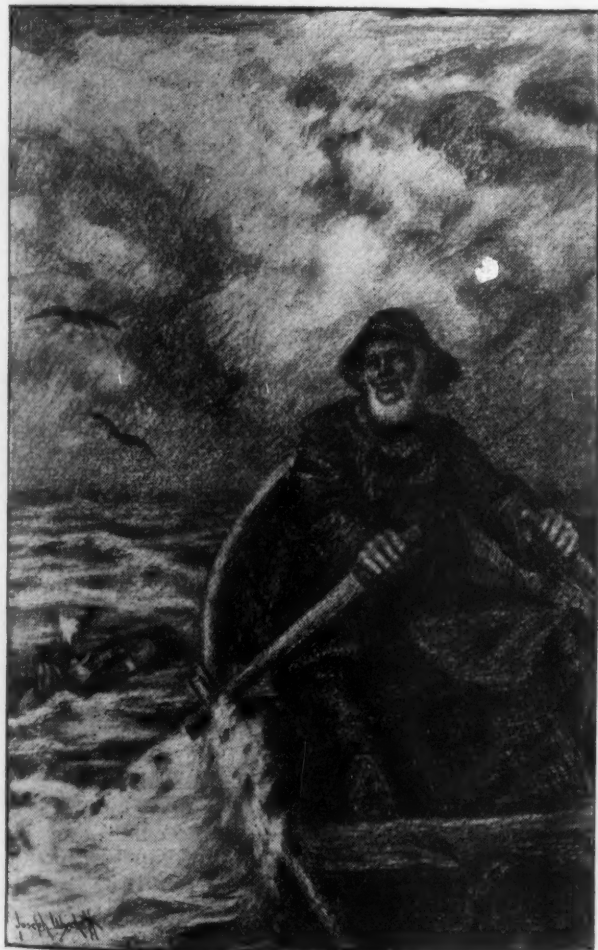
"ICIVILLA POTTS."

The reading of the letter for the moment left the trio—even the mail carrier—stunned. The latter finally said:

"Well! Well! That's sad news—'tis, for a fact. I expect he left a tidy bit of money?"

"Poor Uncle Jethro!" murmured Miss Heppy.

"I don't know how much money Uncle Jethro had to leave," said Tobias slowly. "But however much or little 'twas, he left it all. That's sure."



THE LIGHTKEEPER WAS SOON IN THE MIDST OF FLYING SPUME, HIS DORY TOSSED AND BUFFETED BY THE WAVES

FROM "TOBIAS OF THE LIGHT" BY JAMES A. COOPER

George Sully & Co.

A Spanish American "Four Horsemen"

From Lorenzo Marroquin's "Pax"

(Brentano's)

This first novel in Brentano's Hispano-American series translated by Isaac Goldberg and W. V. Schierbrand made a great sensation when it appeared originally in South America. It is a novel of Latin American life, not a war story, tho it deals with one of the revolutions of the much wracked Republic of Colombia. The following is from a powerful description of the struggle of a man, Colonel Chispas sent thru the dangerous tropical forest on a military mission.

THE moon disappeared and the shadows reigned alone again. His terrible visions returned, the reptiles, the savage beasts. Sleep which delivered him up defenseless to the poison of the serpents, to the teeth of the tiger, inspired him, therefore, with greater terror even than did the dangers that had just been torturing him. Sleep he now looked upon as his very worst foe. So that now there arose a bitter struggle between his exhausted body and the sleep he needed so badly. Sleep seemed to him, in fact, an invincible monster that crept constantly nearer, fascinating and tempting him, drawing him on, closing his eyelids, paralyzing his limbs, robbing him of his will power, and laying him out flat and powerless on the ground. To resist sleep, therefore, he made superhuman efforts, summoning the last remnant of his energy. He moved constantly from one side to another, he wounded himself purposely, he got up, he knocked his head against the tree trunks, he rubbed the sores made by insect bites until they bled anew, and in the midst of darkness he continued these struggles for hours. At last that night of interminable minutes drew to a close. And he began anew to move his limbs, to crawl forwards, spending whole hours in advancing a short distance.

In the trees he heard noisy flutterings, sinister croakings, and he saw a flock of vultures that extended their sharp bills above the foliage and followed him. It was an omen of death itself.

Suddenly he heard the whistle of a steamer. Was that the delirium of fever? No, the whistling was now repeated, came nearer, clear and precise. Then he also heard trumpet blasts, like a prelude to salvation, like a greeting from life itself.

"Ah, . . . the camp!"

He crawled to the bank of the river, and then fell down on the shore. A sleep that was the outgrowth of fever and complete exhaustion seized him, dominated him.

The flock of vultures came down, and began to examine him, stretching out their bare necks, making singular leaps, half opening their wings. There began to appear at the border of the river the enormous head of an alligator, with its jaws open. It sunk its claws into the bank, drew its back out of the water, and set out on its way across the sand with waddling steps.

The vultures, seeing this rival about to rob them of their prey, became alarmed and uttered a series of croaks, directing their iron bills against their foe.

Morgan Le Fay

From Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Tamarisk Town"
(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The story, set in England in the eighteen-fifties, of the conflict between a man's two passions, one for the town which he developed, the other for a woman. Previous to the ball incident quoted below Monypenny, the creator of the successful summer and winter resort, Marlingate, had barely noticed Morgan Wells, governess to his friend's children, except to disapprove of her.



SHE SAW THE STERN LINES OF HIS MOUTH ABOVE HER
FROM "TAMARISK TOWN" BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE band had arrived, and dancing had begun, swaying to the *deux-temps*. The room was florescent with gay-colored crinolines, dipping and belling over the polished floor. There was a floating of scarves and lace shawls—there was a drift of faint perfumes; flowers, macassar oil, ottar of roses, lavender and peau d'Espagne. Above it all was that air of glitter, beauty, richness, sweetness and unreality which haunts the civilized survival of primitive delights.

Monypenny watched it with a throb of pleasure. It was the dedication-feast of Marlingate. He saw this gleaming show as a beginning, and his mind ran on to future revels, more brilliant, more sure in their effects, better given and better graced. . . .

He was roused from his dream by a touch on his arm. He started, then looked unrecognisingly at the face that stared up at him. He had a swift, dazzling impression of a woman's skin, marvellously white, of a jewel that gleamed, of a billowing dress in which a thousand silver threads made moonlight . . . then as he met eyes that were dark, a little wild, and a little wicked, he knew, and stiffened into a disillusioned greeting.

"Good evening, Miss Wells."

"Good evening, Mr. Monypenny."

He was amazed at the child's effrontery in coming to greet him like this—where was her chaperon? The feeling of irritation with which she never failed to inspire him, rose up and sent a flush to his dark cheek; but mingled with it tonight was a new feeling of wonder.

He gazed at her half incredulously. He had never thought her capable of looking as she looked tonight. He was too innocent to know how a change of hair-dressing can alter a woman's appearance or how much on her appearance depends her manner. He realized dimly that Miss Wells's hair no longer flopped in ragged clouds over her ears, that her dress no longer hung drabbly from her waist, and that her manner was no longer that of the half grown-up little governess.

But he could not tell exactly where the change lay. All he knew was that tonight she was white and glittering, transformed as if by an enchantment. The spell must have touched him too, for he suddenly found himself asking her for a dance.

She handed him her little empty card. His was crowded with great names, and there was no space for her till near the end.

House Hunting as a Pastime

From E. Temple Thurston's "Sheepskins and Grey
Russet"
(G. P. Putnam's Sons)

Cruikshank and his wife Bellwattle, a young English couple in moderate circumstances, lived in the days when there were not only homes to buy but actually a choice. This was fortunate because their chief joy in life was moving, or rather looking over houses. The incident below is preliminary to the buying of a farm and their whimsical adventure at country life.

ONCE I accompanied them when they looked over a place with thirty bedrooms and one reception room, amongst many, that was forty-eight by twenty-five. Cruikshank chose an oak-panelled suite of rooms, including bathroom, bedroom and sitting-room, all tucked away at the end of an oak-panelled passage. Bellwattle selected a Queen Anne panelled suite with the same accommodation, and then together they wandered thru the vast establishment, considering what they could do with the other twenty-eight bedrooms.

I am convinced that the old gardener who showed them round thought they were going to take the place. I am convinced, as they were going from one room to another, each one more suggestively fascinating than the last, they thought they were going to take it themselves.

It was only as we left the place out of sight on our way back to the house-agents, and I said, "Really rather a nice place that, with those panelled suites completely shut off—" it was only when I said that, that Bellwattle asked me if I thought it were too large.

I assumed a tone of dubiety which made her feel how interested I was in their affairs.

"It all depends," said I, "what you and Cruikshank intend to do with it. Did you think of starting a school? I fancy myself

it would be too big for a private hospital. You'd never get patients enough to fill it."

She gazed at me quite seriously, but with a swift interrogating look.

"We—we were just—just going to live there ourselves," said she.

Having no control over his facial muscles in these affairs, Cruikshank burst out laughing. That was his lookout. He is her husband. I glanced across at him in surprise. If I had not done that, I think she would have lost all confidence in me.

Anyhow, they did not take the house and only a little while ago I heard Cruikshank say—

"Do you remember that house we went to see down near Ashford in Kent?"

Bellwattle sighed.

"Lucky thing for you, my dear, with the servant problem as it is, that I realized it was too large."

Some men get their credit damn cheap.

Before the Storm Breaks

From Archibald Marshall's "Many Junes"
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

In the tranquil setting of comfortable English country houses, the author of "Sir Harry" introduces another of his entertaining groups of gentle-folk. This is the story of the ups and downs of the two children of a retired naval officer. At the time of the following incident, Hugh, sixteen years old, and Anne, a year his senior, have just come to live with their father after having been separated since early childhood.

HUGH had never even heard of the family from which he had sprung—a family that had wealth and was before the eye of the great world. Anne told him what she knew one winter evening when they were sitting before the fire roasting chestnuts.

"Aunt Sophia told me," she said. "I think she had heard about it from mother. It was a great many years ago, when father was a young man. He had gone down to shoot at Wyse Hall, and he had been put into one of the bachelor rooms instead of the room he had always had as a boy. He was furious about it, and left the house the next morning; and he has never spoken to Uncle Simon since."

"It seems rather odd to make such a fuss about a rotten thing like that," said Hugh.

"Aunt Sophia said it was a splendid great house," said Anne, "and there were crowds of bedrooms in it, and he thought they ought to have kept his own room just as it had been in his father's time, especially as his father was only just dead and his brother had come into a great deal of money, while he had not got so much as he expected."

"All the same," said Hugh, "it was a stupid thing to quarrel so seriously about. And I don't suppose his brother had anything to do with it, either. In a house like that the master would not say what bedrooms the people were to have."

"It's rough luck on us. It would have been jolly to go to a house like that, and we haven't got any other relations except Gran-

ny and Aunt Sophia. If he once gets a thing into his head he can't get it out."

"There is no doubt," said Anne reflectively, "that father is obstinate. But he's all right to us, isn't he, Hugh?"

Hugh considered. "I suppose he is—in a way," he said. "It happens to suit us, the way in which he leaves us alone. But of course he doesn't look after us in the least, or care what becomes of us. I don't know what will happen when we get a bit older."

Bella Intervenes

From Marie Van Vorst's "Fairfax and His Pride."
(Small, Maynard & Co.)

Antony Fairfax, poor and proud, had met with nothing but rebuffs when he came in the '80's to New York from the South to make art his life work. The one bright spot had been his visits to his two little cousins, quaint lovable children of a rich, purse-proud father and a silly, extravagant mother. Little Bella, always a great factor in the strange life which fate had in store for Fairfax, risks paternal disapproval by slipping down stairs in the midst of an evening party and addressing Cedersholm, the great sculptor, who is to design a pedestal for the Abydos Sphinx in Central Park.

BELLA fixed her eyes on the sculptor and said rapidly—

"Excuse me for coming to father's party, but I am in a great hurry. I want to speak to you about my Cousin Antony. He is a great genius," she informed earnestly, "a sculptor, just like you, only he can't get any work. If he had a chance he'd make perfectly beautiful things."

The other gentleman put out his hand and drew the child to him. Unused to fatherly caress, Bella held back, but was soon drawn within the Canon's arm. She held out her treasures: "He did these," and she presented to Cedersholm the white cast of her own foot, and held out a sheet of paper Fairfax had left at the last lesson. It bore a sketch of Bella's head and several decorative studies. Cedersholm regarded the cast and the paper.

"Who is Cousin Antony, my child?" asked the Canon.

"Mother's sister's son, from New Orleans—Antony Fairfax."

She slipped from under the detaining arm. "Nobody knows I'm up. I'll lend you those," she offered her treasures to Cedersholm, "but I am very fond of the foot."



"OH THE SWEET CONTENTMENT THE COUNTRYMAN
DOETH FIND"

FROM "SHEEPSKINS AND GREY RUSSET" BY E. TEMPLE
THURSTON

G. P. Putnam's Sons

It lay in Cedersholm's hand without filling it. He said kindly—

"I quite understand that. Will you tell your Cousin Antony that I shall be glad to see him?"

"Oh, thank you," she nodded. "And he'll be *very* glad to see you."

Cedersholm, smiling, put the cast and the bit of paper back in her hands.

"I wont rob you of these, Miss Bella. Your cousin shall make me others."

As the little girl ran quickly out. "What a quaint, old-fashioned little creature," Cedersholm mused.

"Charming," murmured Canon Pryne, "perfectly charming. Now, my dear Cedersholm, there's your fellow for the Central Park pedestal."

Cinderella

From Rebecca N. Porter's "The Girl From Four Corners" (Henry Holt & Co.)

Freda Bayne, who had inherited her gently reared mother's fine instincts, altho her own early surroundings had been rough, came to San Francisco to earn her living after the death of her mother. One evening as the result of an interesting train of circumstances, Freda found herself acting as maid in charge of the coat-room at an announcement party at the home of a handsome well-to-do young woman. Before her duties became exacting, Freda had had a pleasant conversation about books with a guest whom she dubbed "The Old Young Man."

A PUFFY-FACED man, who seemed to be straining the buttons of his white vest, came down the hall and into the room.

"M-must have been lonesome up here all by yourself, w-weren't you?" he suggested, looking at her with eyes that were frankly admiring.

She picked up the hat and handed it to him again. "Good-night, sir," she said gravely.

"D-don't hurry me," he entreated, "w-when I came up ahead of the others j-just to see you." He fumbled in his pocket and the next moment a silver dollar gleamed in his outstretched palm. Other footsteps were approaching the door now, but Freda scarcely heard them.

"What is that for?" she asked incredulously.

"For you. F-for the prettiest little queen in this house tonight."

In a voice that should have frozen him, even under the luxurious overcoat, she said quietly, "Keep your money—for one of the servants."

Suddenly Freda saw him reel before her under the ferocious grip of some one who had crossed the room behind them. "Get downstairs, Myrick!" a deep voice ordered. "Get downstairs—before I kick you down!"

When he had gone, still smiling and mumbling apologies, the Old Young Man turned to Freda. "Don't give him another thought," he said lightly. "Myrick couldn't distinguish between a charwoman and a duchess after twelve o'clock at night. He didn't know that he was being insulting."

"I suppose I shouldn't feel insulted at all," she told him slowly. "But—I dreamed that I was Cinderella, and he has made the clock

strike. Thank you very much for—what you did."

He held out his hand. "I don't know who you are, Miss Cinderella. But I want to thank *you* for something; for giving me the first real taste of conversation this evening that I've had for months."

... "You don't look much like a happy bridegroom-elect," [one of the Old Young Man's friends told him later]. "Buck up, man. What in the devil are you so serious for? You're not married yet,—only engaged. And Constance looked like a goddess tonight, like a goddess."

California Crooks

From Jackson Gregory's "Ladyfingers" (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Ladyfingers or Ashe, a sort of modern Robin Hood, is the hero of this crook tale of California. At three a. m., Polly, the gangster's daughter and Ashe's sweetheart, overhears her father talking to Ambrose, a police officer and also one of Polly's admirers, and happens downstairs for a drink of lemonade.

"How'd you like to go to jail, Polly?"

"Jail?" She looked at him wonderingly. Then she lifted her shoulders and laughed again. "You can't come a blazer like that on me, Ambrose. I'm nobody's incubator baby."

"You see," went on the officer quite impersonally, quite as tho he were merely thinking aloud, "its just a trifle odd that your thirst. . . Wait a minute."

He stepped across the room to the wall telephone while the girl watched him curiously. He gave a number, got it promptly, asked for Martinelli.

"Ambrose speaking," he announced into the transmitter. "Did young Ashe . . . Ladyfingers, you know . . . dine at your place tonight? With a girl? . . . You are sure he was not there? . . . That's all."

"It's a little odd that your thirst should bring you downstairs just when it did," he continued to Polly. "It's a little odd that about the first thing you said was an alibi for Ashe. It's funny, Polly, that Labelle's safe should have been plundered tonight."

"Go on," said Polly. "You said something."

"You didn't know, I suppose, that Labelle's safe *had* been cracked? What's more, your swell friend, Ashe, did the job."

"Gee!" No matter what her thoughts, Polly's eyes were dancing as she leaned forward. "No more Dago-red and fake jewels for Polly! It'll be bubbles and real cut glass! Will you excuse me a minute, Dick, while I call up my dressmaker?"

She slipped down from the table, ran to the telephone and called her number.

"Say," Polly was saying gaily. "Congratulations! And I forgot to thank you for that swell feed we had tonight at Coppa's in the little room, you know . . ."

"None of that!" Ambrose commanded sternly. He wrenched her forcibly from the instrument. Ambrose's eyes were full of fire.

"I'm going to get Ladyfingers inside twenty-four hours," he told her bluntly. "You are free to tell him, if you like. It won't

make any difference. And when I get him he'll be glad if the judge lets him off with ten years! As for you . . ."

"You stop like a story in a magazine!" Polly informed him in simulated breathlessness. "What's the next chapter?"

Polly of Cayuga

From Grace Miller White's "Storm Country Polly" (Little, Brown & Co.)

Pretty Polly Hopkins, idol of the Silent City—a squatter settlement on the shores of Lake Cayuga—was mending the roof of the Hopkins shanty when she overheard the voices of two men who were to play leading parts in her life. Polly's romance has been filmed with Mildred Harris Chaplin as star.

THERE in the lane, astride two magnificent animals, were two men. One she recognized instantly. Polly had every reason to know the tall man whose dark, handsome face had cast deep shadows over the Silent City. Marcus MacKenzie had been for years the Nemesis that hung over the Cayuga Lake squatters.

Then she caught a glimpse of the other man's face and forgot her terror of Marcus MacKenzie. In Ithaca and about it she had seen many soldiers but never any one like MacKenzie's companion. He was dressed in an officer's uniform, and, as his horse whirled him into better view, the frown faded from Polly's brow as she gazed wonderingly upon him. Marcus MacKenzie was speaking rapidly, and tho Polly could not hear what he said, she knew he was talking of the squatters. Then words that made her tingle with joy came distinctly to her ears.

"But you can't turn a lot of folks out of their homes, Marc," rang forth a deep, rich voice. "Where under the Heaven would they go if you did?"

"Anywhere they damn please," snarled MacKenzie contemptuously. "If they were all dead, they'd be better off, and Ithaca too."

"Have you tried to buy them out?" asked the other.

"No, and I don't intend to," was the sharp retort. "They'll go because I'll make them go, that's all. I've been too busy for the last two years to make much of a dent among them, but, now I'm home for good, I mean to clear them off."

The speaker wheeled his horse and pointed his riding whip straight at the Hopkins' shanty; and Polly's curly head drew quickly back.

"One of the worst of them lives here!" she heard plainly. "He's sort of a mayor of the settlement. Jeremiah Hopkins! And such a tribe as that hut holds can't be found anywhere else in this county. A worthless, tangle-haired girl and a boy half in the grave, and I heard only this morning they're harboring a hag by the name of Hope. They live like pigs too."

"The poor things haven't much of a chance to live otherwise, have they, Marc?" The question evidently required no answer.

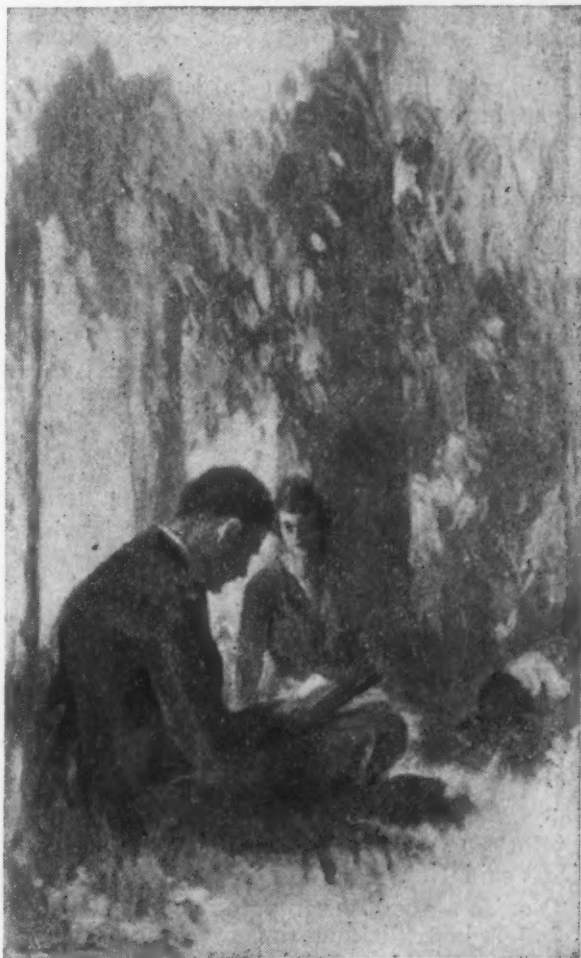
"Well, what do you think of that?" he went on. Then he read aloud: "If your heart is loving and kind, come right in; if it ain't, scoot off." Why, that's beautiful!"

"Rubbish!" sneered MacKenzie. "Perfect rot! Your aunt was saying this morning that the Hopkins girl is as odd as she is filthy. The very idea of having a thing like that hung up!"

"Love isn't rubbish, wherever you find it, old chap!" the younger man exclaimed. "It gives even a squatter shack a glimpse of Heaven. You ought to help these people, Marc. Give them a chance; make something of them, and they won't bother you."

"They're pigs, Bob, I tell you," he repeated roughly, "and what I brought you down here today for—"

MARIE VAN VORST, Countess Cagrati, author of "Fairfax and His Pride" (Small, Maynard and Co.), is making her first visit to America since the war. Miss Van Vorst was one of the organizers of the American Ambulance Corps and founded two war workshops in Rome, one for wounded soldiers and the other for making surgical dressings. She also adopted a three year old refugee war orphan.



FROM HIS WORN VOLUME OF LYRICS ASHE READ TO HER FROM "LADYFINGERS" BY JACKSON GREGORY

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Cross Against Cross

From Rupert Hughes' "What's the World Coming To?"

(Harper & Brothers)

Bob Taxter, a "fire-eating Southron" and April Summerlin, who might have been more appropriately christened "July Fourth," had begun "their harrowing alternation of kiss—and make-up—and scrap—break-up at the age of three. Just after the signing of the armistice, April had written Bob a letter of the kiss-and-make-up type which also announced the fortunes left to them both by a mutual great-uncle.

As his keel rolled home, Bob forgot his resentments against everybody and everything European, in his resentment against the fate that had mocked him with ten thousand dollars and his sweetheart with ten times as much.

The maddening thing about it was that he could not agree with himself upon either alternative—living without April or trying to live with her in spite of her incompatible opulence.

A week later Bob's airship soul shot soaring to the heavens again, for among the bundles of late newspapers thrown aboard the transport as it neared New York was a copy of the *Sunday Sun* with the page-wide headlines:

All the world joins in wild scramble for oil-fortunes. Argonauts of 1919 seek untold millions in precious fluid that enriches many lands. Rush like that of 'Forty-niners to Texas Fields. Speculation in stock markets is frenzied. Poor men become wealthy over-night and great profits are made on "shoes-strings."

Bob read this and ran to Jimmy Dryden, ran to him, as the negro spiritual says, "with a rainbow on his shoulder." And he cried: "Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it!"

"Found what? Your last cootie?"

"Look, you poor fish! Here's where I make myself a billionaire."

While Jimmy read, Bob stood by, dancing clog-steps of joy. He bumbled:

"With ten thousand dollars to start with, what can't I do? That's some shoestring, I'll say!"

"Not to mention a swell chance to lose it all."

"On your way, you crape-hanger! I got my start in the air at Texas, and here's where I go back and clean up."

"Get cleaned out, you mean," said the level-headed Dryden. "Look at this."

He held a copy of *The Tribune* under Bob's eyes. Bob read with majestic scorn the headlines:

Law powerless to stop orgy of oil swindlers. Wild-est fraud in history, stock exchange say Kafir and Goldfield crazes are far eclipsed.

"I never was afraid to take a chance," said Bob.

"But you were always afraid to take advice," said Jim.

"You're a good one to preach conservatism," Bob laughed, flicking the cross on Dryden's blouse. "You'd never have had that if you had been as careful as you want me to be."

Jim, for repartee, flicked the cross on Bob's blouse.

"And you'll lose that before you crawl back out of the oil-tanks."

"What'll you bet?"

"Cross against Cross."

"That I lose my money in oil?"

"Yes; if you go in."

"You're on!"

"How about that girl of yours?"

"She'll wait. I'm going away from her to get back to her."

Heroine or Villainess?

From William Le Queux's "The Doctor of Pimlico" (Macaulay Co.)

Walter Fetherstone had two professions; he was the author of popular mystery stories and was also one of the most skilful men at Scotland Yard. Very often the mild pursuit of a plot for his next novel suddenly led him upon a clue to some horrible unsolved crime. So, the story of the tragic death of Captain Harry Bellairs, he found, included in its *dramatis personae*, not only the wicked doctor of Pimlico, but Enid Orlebar, the girl he loved.

THEY had halted, and were standing together beneath a great oak, then, in a low, voice, Fetherstone said: "Cannot you be quite frank with me, Enid—cannot you give me more minute details of the sad affair?"

"Barker, Captain Bellairs' man," she replied, "told me a curious story, that his master had arrived from Salisbury at two o'clock, and at half-past two had sent him out upon a message down to Richmond. On his return, a little after five, he found his master absent, but the place smelt strongly of perfume, which seemed to point to the fact that the captain had had a lady visitor. Upon the table in the hall Barker's quick eye noticed a small white feather, evidently from a feather boa. In the fire-grate a letter had been burnt. These two facts had aroused the man-servant's curiosity."

Captain Bellairs came in about a quarter-past nine, and sent Barker on a message to Waterloo Station. On the man's return he found his master fainting in his arm-chair. He called Barker to get him a glass of water—his throat seemed on fire, he said. Then, obtaining pen and paper, he wrote that hurried message to me. Barker stated that three minutes after addressing the envelope he fell into a state of coma, the only word he uttered being my name. I found him lying back in his big arm-chair, quite dead."

Fetherstone raised his eyes and shot a covert glance at her—a glance of distinct suspicion.

This girl had loved Harry Bellairs before he had met her, and because of it the poor fellow had fallen beneath the hand of a secret assassin.

She stood there in ignorance that he had already closely questioned Barker in London, and that the man had made admission that the subtle Eastern perfume upon Enid Orlebar, when she arrived so excitedly, was the same which had greeted his nostrils when he entered his master's chambers on his return from that errand upon which he had been sent.

Enid Orlebar had been in the captain's rooms during his absence!

Love Making in the Land of Launcelot

From Norma Lorimer's "With Other Eyes"
(Brentano's.)

In the island valley of Avalon, the country of the Arthurian legends, a present-day Evangeline of Grand Pré and a young English doctor meet and fall in love. It is the evening before Allen's departure and he has just kissed Evangeline.

"ARE you married?" Evangeline said, with surprising suddenness. "Is that what you want to tell me?"

"Good God, no!" he said. "What made you think that?"

"You said that you wanted to tell me what a cur you were, that I should hate you."



APRIL'S WAITER CAME BACK WITH MARVELOUS WORDS FROM "WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?" BY RUPERT HUGHES

Harper & Bros.

"So I am a cur," he said. "I love you, and I've tried to make love to you. I think you do care for me, and I don't want to marry anyone; I don't mean to marry for many years yet. I want to be free."

Evangeline thought for a moment and then she said: "The girl of mamma's day would have told you that she didn't want to marry you, that she didn't love you, that you needn't distress yourself. I'm a girl of to-day, even if I am called Evangeline."

They both laughed, but the mirth was forced.

"I do love you—at least, I think I do, for if I hadn't, I should have slapped you when you kissed me." She tried to laugh. "It is what you deserved."

"Don't," he said, "don't. I hate myself. I know it!"

"Oh no, you don't!" she said. This time the girl really laughed. "You love yourself, you love yourself so much that you don't know what loving anyone else really means, and I doubt if you ever will."

"I do love you," he said, in a muffled way. "You don't know how much I love you. But girls never have the hateful question of a career to think about. If I could do just what I wanted to, what my love urges me to do, I should implore you to marry me. But what about ten years later? We should have children—they would require education. I couldn't specialize; I should have to become a partner with my father, or buy a small practice, and drudge along, like all the other poor doctors of whom no one ever hears. And you'd hate it. It would be beastly. Even if you would risk it, it would be rottenly selfish of me to ask you. I know what it means in England—you don't."

While he was speaking Evangeline's heart was crying out, "I know what true love means! It never thinks of all that. Love doesn't calculate and weigh the cost of things, not true love, not the love of Launcelot for the Queen, not the love I want."

Refuge

From Catherine Carswell's "Open the Door"
(Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

The winning novel in a recent English first-novel contest. This story of English family life, distinguished by fine character drawing, portrays with great insight an English woman's conception of her place and destiny. During her childhood Joanna Bannerman had been a "fugitive from the realities immediately surrounding her town existence." Her intenser life was lived in the country, at Duntarvie, in East Perthshire. One September morning when Joanna was twelve, she slipped away before breakfast to visit a favorite retreat.

To this haunted pool, with its girdle of beech trees, on which Joanna knew every foothold and every untrustworthy branch, she stole that morning. Lying concealed among the drenched reeds of the margin, she waited until the disturbed coots and waterhens went reassured about their interminable business. For what seemed an age she stayed motionless, listening intently to each tiny splashing and diving, to the whisperings among the bearded rushes, to the sudden plump of the frogs, to the chuckling of the water-fowl under the banks.

At that moment the twelve-year-old child entered deeply into Nature's heart, and for the first time it came to her that she might make of her rapture a place of retreat for future days. It was a discovery. Henceforth she felt that nothing, no one, would have power to harm her. For all her life now she would have within herself this hidden refuge. Even if she were to be burned at the stake, or flayed alive like the people in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, she would be able to fly in spirit from her tortures to this reedy water; and they would wonder why she smiled amid the flames.

So she lay on till she was bodiless; and only the cold, penetrating thru her clothes to her skin, reminded her. She moved, and only in moving realized that she was wet thru, and cramped. Her stirring startled the old heron. He rose noisily, first trailing his feet a little way along the surface of the tarn.

Stretching herself and shaking the water from her hair, Joanna felt glad at the thought of breakfast. It was good that the others were waiting at home, sitting at a table spread with the floury baps that came each morning fresh-baked from the village; and coffee, and bramble jam, and fresh butter, which she loved to greediness, from their own cow's cream. But before turning homeward between the beech trunks, she stooped once more to the ground, and leaning on her two palms kissed the moist grass till the taste of the earth was on her lips. "If I forget thee O Duntarvie!" she whispered, "let my right hand forget its cunning." (She was not clear about the meaning of this phrase; but she loved working with her hands, and the words expressed her emotion better than any other words she knew.) Then she picked up some odds and ends—a small lichen-covered twig, a skeleton leaf, and the untimely fallen samara of a sycamore—to keep as remembrances of her vow, and racing back to the house she arrived in a glow, bright-cheeked, her short skirts dripping from the brackens.

SOME OF 1920's NOVELS OF DISTINCTION

- The House of Baltazar.** By William J. Locke. Lane.
Woman Triumphant. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Dutton.
The Third Window. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton M.
Miss Lulu Bett. By Zona Gale. Appleton.
Legend. By Clemence Dane. Macmillan.
Poor Relations. By Compton Mackenzie. Harper.
Miser's Money. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan.
Treacherous Ground. By Johan Bojer. Moffat, Y.
The Thunderbolt. By G. Colmore. Seltzer.
Glamour. By W. B. Maxwell. Bobbs-Merrill.
Tatterdemallion. By John Galsworthy. Scribner.
Peter Jameson. By Gilbert Frankau. Knopf.
Mrs. Warren's Daughter. By Sir Harry Johnston. Macmillan.
The Romantic Woman. By Mary Borden. Knopf.
The Swing of the Pendulum. By Adriana Spadoni. Boni & L.
This Side of Paradise. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribner.
The Explorer. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doran.
A Place in the World. By John Hastings Turner. Scribner.
Marqueray's Duel. By Anthony Pryde. McBride.
The Tall Villa. By Lucas Malet. Doran.
Seldwyla Folks. By Gottfried Keller. Brentano's.
Sheila Intervenes. By Stephen McKenna. Doran.
Best Psychic Stories. Ed. by Joseph Lewis French. Boni & L.

A Mystery of the Underworld

From Frank Packard's "The White Moll."
 (George H. Doran Co.)

The creator of Jimmie Dale thus introduces the central figure in a series of amazing and mysterious adventures in the underworld:

It was like some shadowy pantomime. The dark mouth of an alleyway thrown into murky relief by the rays of a distant street lamp . . . the swift, forward leap of a skulking figure . . . a girl's form swaying and struggling in the man's embrace. Then, a pantomime no longer, there came a half threatening, half triumphant oath; and then the girl's voice, quiet, strangely contained, almost imperious:

"Now, give me back that purse, please. Instantly!"

The man, already retreating into the alleyway, paused to fling back a jeering laugh.

"Say youse've got yer nerve, ain't youse!"

The girl turned her head so that the rays of the street lamp, faint as they were, fell full upon her, disclosing a sweet, oval face, out of which the dark eyes gazed steadily at the man.

And suddenly the man leaned forward, staring for an instant, and then his hand went awkwardly to touch his cap.

"De White Moll!" he mumbled deferentially. He pulled the peak of his cap down over his eyes in a sort of shame-faced way, as tho to avoid recognition, and, stepping nearer, returned the purse. "'Scuse me, miss," he said uneasily. "I didn't know it was youse—Honest to Gawd, I didn't! 'Scuse me, miss. Good-night!"

The White Moll. She remembered the first time she had ever been called by that name. It was just before her father had died. A few days prior to the date set for her father's operation, the flat had been broken into during the early morning hours. The thief, obviously not counting on the sick man's wakefulness, had been caught red-handed. At first defiant, the man had finally broken down, and had told a miserable story. It was hackneyed possibly, the same story told by a thousand others as a last defense in the hope of inducing leniency thru an appeal to pity, but somehow to her that night the story had rung true. Pete McGee, alias the Bussard, the man had said his name was. He couldn't get any work; there was the shadow of a long abode in Sing Sing that lay upon him as a curse. It was very old, very threadbare, that story; there were even the sick wife, the hungry, unclothed children; but to her it had rung true.

"Father is going to let you go, McGee, because I ask him to," she had said. "And tomorrow morning I will go to this address, and if I find your story is true, as I believe it is, I will see what I can do for you."

And so they had let the man go free, and her father, with a whimsical, tolerant smile, had shaken his head at her.

"You'll never find that address, Rhoda—or our friend the Bussard, either!"

But she had found both the Bussard and the address, and destitution and a squalor unspeakable. There came to her again now the Bussard's words in which he had paid her tribute on that morning long ago, and with which he had introduced her to a shrunken form that lay upon a dirty cot in the bare-floored room:

"Meet de moll I was tellin' youse about, Mag. She's white—all de way up. She's white, Mag; she's a white moll—take it from me!"

The Doom of the Boat

From H. Rider Haggard's "The Ancient Allan"
(Longmans, Green & Co.)

Romance and adventure of the good old-fashioned brew of the author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." Allan Quatermain, the hero of countless marvelous escapes, reverts, as a result of smoking a magic weed, to the Egyptian huntsman and General Shabaka and in this incarnation falls into more hair-raising predicaments. Because the ancient Allan was a bit too ready, both with his arrow and his tongue, the King of Egypt entertains him in the following pleasant fashion.

Now my heart began to sink and I asked [the eunuch] what was to happen to me.

"This, O Egyptian slayer of lions. You will be laid upon a bed in a little boat upon the river and another boat will be placed over you, for these boats are called the Twins, Egyptian, in such a fashion that your head and your hands will project at one end and your feet at the other. There you will be left, comfortable as a baby in its cradle, and twice every day the best food and drink will be brought to you. Should your appetite fail, moreover, it will be my duty to revive it by pricking your eyes with the point of a knife until it returns. Also after each meal I shall wash your face, your hands and your feet with milk and honey, lest the flies that buzz about them, should suffer hunger, and to preserve your skin from burning by the sun. Thus slowly you will grow weaker and at length fall asleep. The last one who went into the boat, he, unlucky man, had by accident wandered into the court of the House of Women and seen some of the ladies there unveiled; only lived for twelve days, but you, being so strong, may hope to last for eighteen."

We reached the quay just as the sun was setting. There in charge of a one-eyed black slave, a little square-ended boat floated at the river's edge, while on the quay itself lay a similar but somewhat shorter boat, bottom uppermost. Then the girdle of rose-hued pearls was made fast about my middle, my hands were untied, I was seized by the executioners and laid on my back on the mattress, and my wrists and ankles were fixed by cords to iron rings that were screwed to the thwart of the boat. After this the other, shorter boat was laid over me in such a manner that it did not touch me, leaving my head, my hands and my feet exposed as the eunuch had said.

They went, leaving me alone in the boat save for the guard upon the quay.



SHE SAW ME IN MY BATTERED MAIL, AND THE BLOOD FLOWED UP TO HER BREAST AND BROW

FROM "THE ANCIENT ALLAN" BY H. RIDER HAGGARD
Longmans, Green & Co.

The Greenhorn

From G. W. Ogden's "The Duke of Chimney Butte"
(A. C. McClurg & Co.)

The "Duke" acquired his title on the day he rode into a cowboy camp on an old fashioned bicycle—a tenderfoot agricultural student peddling a patent "do-it-all." The mean man of the camp intending to have some fun offered to present the tenderfoot with a horse, provided he could ride him. Whetstone, the horse in question, was an outlaw beast with a most extensive repertory of tricks.

It was an expectant little group that stood by to witness this greenhorn's rise and fall. According to his established methods, Whetstone would allow him to mount, still standing with that indifferent droop to his head. But one who was sharp would observe that he was rolling his old white eyes back to see, tipping his sharp ear like a wildcat to hear every scrape and creak of the leather. Then, with the man in the saddle, nobody knew what he would do.

There was boundless wonder among them, then, and no little admiration, when this stranger who had come into that unlikely place on a bicycle leaped into the saddle so quickly that old Whetstone was taken completely by surprise, and held him with such a strong hand and stiff rein that his initiative was taken from him.

The greenhorn's next maneuver was to swing the animal round till he lost his head, then clap heels to him and send him off as if he had business for the day laid out ahead of him.

It was the most amazing start that anybody ever had been known to make on Whetstone, and the most startling and enjoyable thing about it was that this strange, overgrown boy, with his open face and guileless speech, had played them all for a bunch of suckers, and knew more about riding in a minute than they ever had learned in their lives.

The horse had come to a sudden stop, legs stretched so wide that it seemed as if he surely must break in the middle. But he gathered his feet together so quickly that the next view presented him with his back arched like a fighting cat's. And there on top of him rode the Duke, his small brown hat in place, his gay shirt ruffling in the wind.

After that there came, so quickly that it made the mind and eye hasten to follow, all the tricks that Whetstone ever had tried in his past triumphs over men; and thru all of them, sharp, shrewd, unexpected, startling as some of them were, that little brown hat rode untroubled on top.

The little band of spectators cheered the Duke, calling loudly to inform him that he was the only man who ever had stuck that long. The Duke waved his hat in acknowledgement, and put it back on with deliberation and exactness, while old Whetstone, as mad as a wet hen, tried to roll down suddenly and crush his legs.

Nothing to be accomplished by that old trick. The Duke pulled him up with a wrench that made him squeal, and Whetstone, lifted off his forelegs, attempted to complete the backward turn and catch his tormentor under the saddle. But that was another trick so old that the simplest horseman knew how to meet it. The next thing he knew, Whetstone was galloping along like a gentleman, just wind enough in him to carry him.



"SOMEBODY CAUGHT ME SUDDENLY BY THE THROAT"
FROM "THE HAND IN THE DARK" BY ARTHUR J. REES
John Lane Co.

Murder by a New Method

From Arthur J. Rees' "The Hand in the Dark"
(John Lane Co.)

In the autumn of 1918 a dinner party was in progress at the Heredith country house, an old Norman castle. Violet, an unknown London girl whom Phil Heredith had recently married, had absented herself from the dinner on the plea of illness. Vincent Musard, an old family friend, who was taking the famous Heredith pearls up to London on the following day to be reset, had been relating a thrilling tale of the quest of a ruby.

He broke off suddenly, as a scream pealed thru the moat-house—a wild shrill cry, which, coming from somewhere overhead, seemed to fill the dining-room with the shuddering despairing intensity of its appeal. It was the shriek of a woman in terror.

The ladies at the dinner table regarded one another with frightened eyes and blanched faces.

"It came from Violet's room! My God, what has happened?" exclaimed Phil. He sprang to his feet in agitation and pushed back his chair. His face was white, his mouth drawn, and he fumbled at his throat with a shaking hand, as tho the pressure of his collar impeded his breathing.

Then the tense silence of the dining-room was broken by another sound, also from upstairs—the sharp crack of a revolver.

Phil turned and limped rapidly towards the door, and as he did so his infirmity of body was apparent. One of his legs was several inches shorter than the other, and he wore a high boot.

Musard reached the door before him in a few rapid strides, and Sir Philip came hurrying after his son. Then came the rest of the male guests, flocking towards the door in a body.

Musard stepped inside the open door, struck a match, sought the switch and walked over and turned on the light. The room seemed as it had been then; there was no sign of any intruder. The cut-glass and silver bottles stood on the small table by the head of the bed; the gold cigarette case was open alongside them. But the white rays of the electric globe, hanging in a shade of rose color directly overhead, fell with sinister distinctness on the slender figure of the young wife, lying in a huddled heap on the bed, her fashionable rest gown stained with blood, which oozed from her breast in a sluggish stream on the satin quilt. And a sharp pungent odor was mingled with the heavy atmosphere of the room—the smell of a burning fabric. There was no disorder, no weapon, no indication of a struggle. Only the motionless, bleeding figure on the bed revealed to the silent group in the doorway that somebody had entered and departed as silently as a tiger.

Musard went swiftly to the bedside and bent over the girl.

"She has been shot," he said, in a tone which was little more than a whisper.

"She has been murdered!" It was Phil, pressing close behind Musard, who uttered these words. "Murdered!" he cried, in an unnatural voice, which was dreadful to hear.

Who Stole the Communion Silver?

From Edna A. Brown's "That Affair at St. Peter's"
(Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

A mystery story concerning the disappearance of the communion silver which vanished from St. Peter's Church one Sunday morning when a large congregation was present. Among others Anna, a maid employed in the home of the impeccable young junior warden and the niece of his housekeeper, had had access to the safe. Rankin, the detective, had asked to see Anna in a way that would seem natural to her. He has dropped in for a cup of tea with the warden.

"Oh, by the way, Anna," I said, breaking off in my discussion with Rankin, "I wasn't at church yesterday, but do you recall whether Mr. Farrell read a notice about a union meeting to be held in Yonkers? I hope he didn't forget to give it."

Anna turned absolutely scarlet. From a pale ivory-white, her face suddenly became the color of a Jack rose. She gave me a startled glance.

"I'm afraid I didn't notice, Mr. Perrin. I—I don't always pay attention to those announcements."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," I replied. "Bring us some cake, too, Anna."

"Yes, sir, it is all cut and ready," she responded hastily, and started back just as Mary came up. I thought Mary looked at her keenly as they passed, but I might have been mistaken.

"Anna," remarked Rankin meditatively as the housekeeper passed beyond hearing, "did *not* attend church service yesterday, but she wants people to think she was there. Where did Anna spend the time—two full hours or more—between her leaving the house here and her appearing to Mr. Farrell after service? I believe that is something we must look into."

I had no comment to make. It was perfectly evident that Anna was uncomfortable at any reference to the Sunday services. She had certainly been much confused over my question about the window in the sacristy, and she was not a girl who was easily flustered.

"Mr. Perrin," Rankin began seriously, "when I came home with you, I thought that my only errand was to determine whether Anna was at church yesterday, but I find that I must go farther."

He paused a moment, to continue, but speaking even more slowly.

"Doubtless you have thought that some of the questions asked during the afternoon have bordered on the impertinent. I am going to ask a few more."

"I'll answer anything I can," I replied, "but I can't imagine what light I can throw on the matter. I was here in my garden all the morning yesterday."

"A pleasanter place than the church," commented Rankin, glancing down where the purple *Pumila*, a ribbon of oriental splendor, lay at our feet.

"Tell me, then," he went on, "have you any reason to suppose that anybody connected with St. Peter's church bears you a grudge; would attempt to do you an injury?"



"DO YOU THINK IT WAS HORRID OF ME TO COME HERE?"

FROM "THAT AFFAIR AT ST. PETER'S" BY EDNA A. BROWN
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

The Flung Coin

From Charles Caldwell Dobie's "The Blood-red Dawn."

(Harper & Brothers.)

Claire Robson, a well-bred, well connected young San Francisco girl, found her beauty and her charm far from assets in the business world. They had already cost her two stenographic positions, the first with Flint, a flirtatious married man, the second with Stillman whom she had first met socially, and a third post as accompanist, at the time when Stillman discovers her playing the piano in a Greek restaurant.

"EVERY night? Is it possible that you come here every night, in this kind of a place, and play? . . . Good God!"

"And do you think that all this is quite fair to . . . your friends?"

"I have to earn my living, don't I?"

He brushed a cigarette stub off the table.

"Last month I made a fortune. I cleaned up something over a million dollars. And still I must sit here and watch . . . watch these Greeks fling money in your face!"

One of the entertainers had finished singing and the usual shower of coins was falling on the hard floor. His lips were quivering with indignation.

"Oh, I'm not a favorite! They don't bombard me in any such fashion. Once in a while, perhaps, but . . ." She raised her hands slightly.

"Once in a while!" he echoed with a bitter laugh. "Then they *do* throw money at you!"



GARFIELD SAT IN A CHAIR BY THE SIDE OF THE OPEN TRAPDOOR AND WAITED
FROM "SUSPECTED" BY GEORGE DILNOT
Edward J. Clode.

You . . . you take all this from strangers, but from me . . . from me, who . . ." He brought his fist down upon the table.

She put her hand upon his. "I give these people pleasure and they repay me as they can . . . There is one thing about a *flung* coin—it is frank and open and honest."

He glanced down. "And insulting, too," he muttered. "God knows there have been times enough when I forgot myself. . . "I'm a man, after everything is said and done. The mistakes I made were never deliberate . . . calculating. I *did* want to serve you!"

"What did you expect me to do?" she asked, more gently.

"I don't know. But I fancy it was almost anything but this. It seems that almost anything else would be better."

Even taking dictation from Flint?"

He winced.

"Oh, I know what you are thinking," she went on, passionately. "You're thinking that it is the life that has given me the courage to be hard and bitter. But you forget Flint and all the nastiness of the life that you seem to think desirable simply because it is familiar . . . I wouldn't go back to it now even if I could. I'd rather take a chance here where they throw money frankly in your face and then promptly forget about it."

He shaded his face. "Just think," he said, as he raised his eyes to her again. "I made a million dollars last month, and I am more helpless than the meanest person here with ten cents in his pocket. If I were poor and miserable and struggling, I could at least come and sit opposite you and throw my last penny at you. I could throw my last coin at your feet and go away happy, knowing that I must starve to-morrow, because of you. Why is it that others may do what I—"

She stopped him with a quick gesture. "You know why," she said simply.

Cupid and Crooks

From George Dilnot's "Suspected."
(E. J. Clode & Co.)

Jimmy Silverdale, crime editor of a London daily, was on his way to get the story of the murder of Harold Saxon, wealthy munition manufacturer, when he received an S. O. S. from Hilary Sloane, a young woman who hitherto had paid little heed to his wooing. Hilary begged him hysterically to get herself and her companion out of London, preferably on board an American steamer before morning and to ask for no explanations. Jimmy promises and goes on to the Saxon flat where Garfield, a Scotland Yard detective, is examining Freddie or "Velvet" Blunt, a well-known crook.

"You're right, Jimmie," agreed Garfield. "Once for all, Freddie, listen to me. I *know* you didn't kill this man. Now unless you cough up your story—it's between friends now—I swear I'll let you go down to prove you didn't. Get me?"

"You mean you'll charge we with the murder?"

"I'll do that," said Garfield, nodding with grim emphasis.

Blunt was no fool. Rightly or wrongly, he believed that Garfield meant his threat. He went very white.

"I'll tell you," Blunt said in a low voice.

"The straight goods, now. No lies."

"I'll give you the straight goods. Look here, Mr. Garfield, it's up to you to see that I come out of this with my skin safe. If Eston—"

"Who's Eston?" interrupted Jimmie.

"Eston," explained Garfield, "is the biggest crook in London—perhaps in the world."

"Well, I met Eston a week ago at a restaurant up Regent Street way. He was with a bird—"

"A girl?"

"I said so," said Blunt aggrievedly. "They were having a bit of an argument and didn't take any notice of me for a bit. Presently the girl went and Eston beckoned me over."

"Can you do a little job for me—or rather for a lady?" he asks.

"Sure," said I, "if there's anything in it for me."

"Then he tells me that there's some papers in this flat and that he's bound to have 'em. He offered me fifty of the best and I took on the job. I pulled it off night before last—got the papers—a bundle of letters—and handed 'em to Eston."

"Was the girl there then?"

"Sure. It was at the same restaurant. She was seated at a different table, but Eston went over with the goods after he finished with me."

"You'd recognize her again?"

"I think so."

"Then look at this."

Garfield pulled a cabinet photograph from his pocket and thrust it in front of the crook. Velvet nodded his head. "That's the lady."

"That's the woman who killed Harold Saxon," said Garfield, handing the picture over to Silverdale.

Jimmie only needed one glance. The room reeled round him.

For the portrait was that of Hilary Sloane.

"Pike's Peak or Bust"

From Frank H. Cheley's "Overland for Gold"
(The Abingdon Press.)

When Uncle Hermann promised to take his nephews, Hale and Clayton, with him across the plains in search for gold, they knew that they were to have many exciting adventures. Hale had the first chance to show his mettle. Hot weather on the wide plains was almost unbearable, man and beast wilted under it. When one of the best and strongest oxen lay down and refused to rise, Hale was asked to stay behind, let the beast rest, and drive her on in the cool evening.

As night came on the old ox grew weaker instead of stronger, until Hale realized it would never walk again. Yet he disliked leaving the poor helpless thing to the savage fangs of the wolf pack. Several times the idea came to him to shoot the critter and ride back. But the old ox seemed to fully realize its situation, and watched the boy's every move with an almost pleading look not to be left alone on the desert. "You have pulled a heavy load these many days, and I won't forsake you," cried the boy. "Let the pack come; we'll give them plenty of hot medicine."

Soon after dark the wolves seemed to realize they were about to have a feast, and so came early in anticipation. First there were only a dozen, and then twenty, and by the time it was really dusk, Hale could see a solid circle of dark bodies about him, all seated on their haunches expectantly. He tied his pony to a stout clump of Spanish bayonet, and then settled down for what he soon realized was to be an all-night vigil.

The preceding days had been very strenuous ones, and Hale was tired out. His head would nod now, in spite of himself, and twice toward midnight he fell asleep for just a moment. The last time he slept a long time, when suddenly he felt the old ox make a violent lurch. He jumped to his feet, rifle in hand, for not fifty feet away from him was the circle of green eyes, with one pair slightly in advance of all the others. As he got to his feet, they howled a blood-curdling howl and sprang forward. Deliberately Hale took aim and shot. The foremost wolf toppled over, but almost instantly another was in its place. He shot again and again, now each shot laying low a leader, but there was no stopping them now, for they had smelled blood. Why hadn't he been thoughtful enough to gather a pile of buffalo chips before dark and build him a fire?

He realized that his situation was rapidly growing desperate, for while he was picking off a leader in front of him, another would nearly reach him. Of course it was the ox meat they were after, but how was he to separate himself from the ox so that he would not actually share in the carnage? His shots were now reduced to two shells for his rifle and three for his pistol. They were all that stood between him and certain death. It was then for the first time in several hours that he thought of his pony, and turned to it as a possible escape, but to his amazement he could not distinguish him in the dark. He

worked his way over to the shrub where he had tied the animal, but even that was gone—pulled out by the roots. His pony had bolted while he slept!

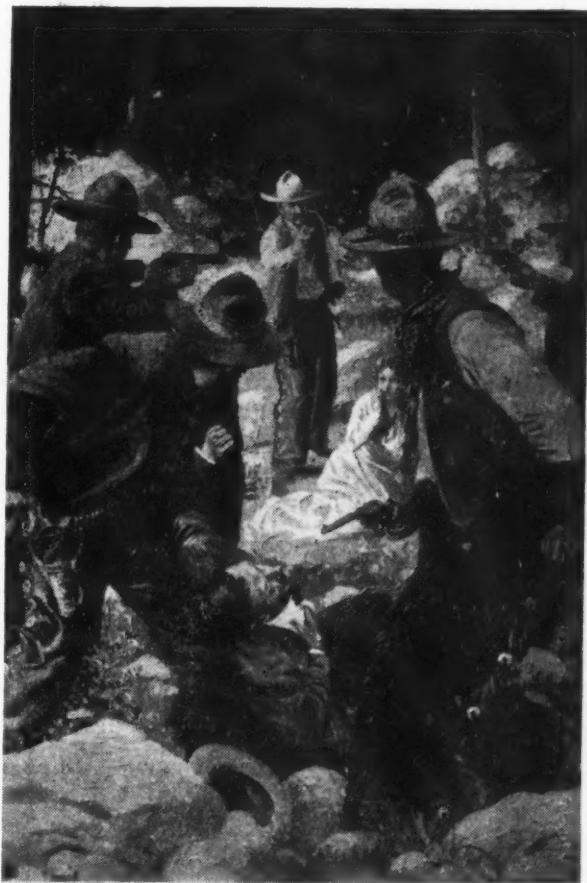
Realism and The Range Girl

From B. M. Bower's "The Quirt."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

Mrs. Hunter had tired of life on the Quirt ranch and departed for the city when her daughter, Lorraine, was a child. When her mother remarried, Lorraine, who was known in the movies as the "range bred" girl, decided to return to the ranch and her father, Brit. Things quite unlike Lorraine's movie experiences begin to happen at once. Lost in a storm on the way to the ranch, she hides from two horsemen whose rough voices terrify her.

SHE saw where the road ran on, between two square-faced rocks. She would have to follow the road, for it must lead *some-where*,—to her father's ranch, probably. She wondered why her mother had never mentioned these queer rocks. She was on the point of stepping out into the road again when a horseman rode into sight between the two rocks. In the same instant of his appearance she heard the unmistakable crack of a gun; saw the rider jerk backward in the saddle, throw up one hand,—and then the darkness dropped between them.

Lorraine crouched behind a juniper bush



AL'S GUN SPOKE, AND WARFIELD SAGGED AT THE KNEES
AND SHOULDERS, AND SLUMPED TO THE GROUND
AS THE GUN BLAZED AGAIN

FROM "THE QUIRT" BY B. M. BOWER
Little, Brown & Co.

close against the rock and waited. The next flash came within a half-minute. It showed a man at the horse's head, holding it by the bridle. The horse was rearing. Lorraine tried to scream that the man on the ground would be trampled, but something went wrong with her voice, so that she could only whisper.

When the light came again the man who had been shot was not altogether on the ground. The other, working swiftly, had thrust the injured man's foot thru the stirrup. Lorraine saw him stand back and lift his quirt to slash the horse across the rump. Even thru the crash of thunder Lorraine heard the horse go past her down the hill, galloping furiously. When she could see again she glimpsed him running, while something bounced along on the ground beside him.

She saw the other man, with a dry branch in his hand, dragging it across the road where it ran between the two rocks. Then Lorraine Hunter, hardened to the sight of crimes committed for picture values only, realized sickeningly that she had just looked upon a real murder,—the cold-blooded killing of a man. She felt very sick. Queer little red sparks squirmed and danced before her eyes. She crumpled down quietly behind the juniper bush and did not know when the rain came, tho it drenched her in the first two or three minutes of downpour.



IN NORTHWESTERN CANADA VIVIFIED IN HULBERT FOOTNER'S SPIRITED STORY "THE FUR BRINGERS"

James A. McCann Co.

An Invitation to Dine

From Hulbert Footner's "The Fur Bringers"
(James A. McCann.)

Ambrose Doane had been living in the deserted northern woods so long that he hadn't seen a white girl in a year. His wise old partner called the restlessness that seized him, "June Fever." At this critical time, Poly, a half-breed, fired the boy's imagination with tales of the beauty and courage of John Gaviller's daughter, Colina, down at Fort Enterprise. To Ambrose, camping on the river just out of Fort Enterprise she appears, lovely as Poly has said, with the unexpected request that he catch her frolicsome horse. Timidly, he invites her to his camp table:

LUNCH was not long in preparing, for the rice had been on the fire when Colina first appeared. The young man set forth the meal as temptingly as he could on a flat rock, and at the risk of breaking his sinews carried another rock for Colina to sit upon. His apologies for the discrepancies in the service disarmed Colina again.

"I am no fine lady," she said. "I know what it is to live out."

The young man made no move to serve himself. Indeed he sat at the other side of the rock-table and produced his pipe.

"Why don't you eat?" demanded Colina.

"There is plenty of time," he said, blushing.

"But why wait?"

"Well—there's only one knife and fork."

"Is that all?" said Colina coolly. "We can pass them back and forth—can't we?"

Starting up and dropping the pipe in his pocket he flashed a look of extraordinary rapture on her that brought Colina's eyelids fluttering down like winged birds. He was a disconcerting young man.

They ate amicably, passing the utensils back and forth.

After a while Colina asked: "Do you know who I am?"

"Of course," he said. "Miss Colina Gaviller."

"I don't know you," she said.

"I am Ambrose Doane, of Moultrie."

"How much farther are you going?" she asked.

"Only to Fort Enterprise."

"Oh!" she said. The question in the air was: "What did you come for?" Both felt it.

Colina was a woman—and an impulsive one; it was bound to come sooner or later: "What did you come for?"

His eyes pounced on hers with the same look of mixed boldness and apprehension that she had marked before; she saw that he caught his breath before answering.

"To see you!" he said.

ERIC LEADBITTER, whose first novel to be published in America is "Rain Before Seven" (Jacobs), comes of a very old Border family. He was born in London in 1891 and was educated at Shrewsbury School. His first novel—"Rain Before Seven"—was written when he was twenty-one and completed in a month of evenings after he had worked all day in a Government office.

GLIMPSES OF NEW NON-FICTION



LATE SPRING MIGRANT LAND BIRDS OF THE EASTERN UNITED STATES
FROM "WHAT BIRD IS THAT?" BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN
D. Appleton & Co.

How to Know the Birds at a Glance

From Frank M. Chapman's "What Bird is That?"
(D. Appleton & Co.)

Over a quarter of a century ago Mr. Chapman, Curator of Birds in the American Museum of Natural History, exhibited there a collection of birds arranged according to the season of their occurrence. The plan was so helpful to bird-lovers that it is now presented in a series of clearly labelled colored plates with accompanying text. The figures are drawn to essentially the same scale so that it is easy to judge of the comparative size of the birds. The accompanying illustration is a portion of Case 8, in scale of two inches to a foot. The selections quoted are typical of the detailed descriptions.

WOOD PEWEE

Myiochanes virens. Case 8, Fig. 63

Resembles the Phoebe but is smaller with relatively longer wings and more evident wing-bars. L. 6½.

Range. Eastern North America; nesting from Florida to Canada; winters in the tropics.

Washington, common S. R., Apl. 29—Oct. 12. Ossining, common S. R., May 10—Oct. 2. Cambridge, common, T. V., not uncommon S. R., May 18—Sept. 15. N. Ohio, abundant S. R., May 2—Sept. 27. Glen Ellyn, fairly common S. R., May 9—Sept. 29. SE. Minn., common S. R., May 10—Sept. 23.

In color Phoebe and Pewee are much alike and both are Flycatchers, but the resemblance ends there. Pewee loves the solitude of the forest rather than the sociability of the barnyard, and his pensive *pee-a-wee* does not even suggest the business-like *pewit-phæbe* of his better-known cousin. Nor does his dainty lichen-covered nest saddled so skillfully on the limb of a forest tree, recall the Phoebe's bulky moss and mud dwelling. Finally, the Pewee's eggs, laid in May, are wreathed with brown.

The birds in the above plate are:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 67 Blackburnian Warbler, male, p. 104 | 75 Mourning Warbler, male, p. 112 |
| 68 Blackburnian Warbler, female, p. 104 | 76 Mourning Warbler, female, p. 112 |
| 69 Bay-breasted Warbler, male, p. 103 | 77 Connecticut Warbler, male, p. 111 |
| 70 Bay-breasted Warbler, female, p. 103 | 78 Connecticut Warbler, female, p. 111 |
| 71 Blackpoll Warbler, male, p. 103 | 79 Long-billed Marsh Wren, p. 122 |
| 72 Blackpoll Warbler, female, p. 103 | 80 Short-billed Marsh Wren, p. 121 |
| 73 Wilson's Warbler, female, p. 114 | 81 Olive-backed Thrush, p. 131 |
| 74 Wilson's Warbler, male, p. 114 | 82 Gray-cheek Thrush, p. 130 |

SUMMER TANAGER

Piranga rubra rubra. Case 5, Figs. 33, 34

The male is usually red like the Cardinal, but lacks the Cardinal's crest; the female is more yellow than the female of the Scarlet Tanager.

Range. Southern States; nesting north to Maryland and Illinois; winters in the tropics.

Washington, uncommon S. R., Apl. 18—Sept. 19. Cambridge, one record.

The "Summer Redbird's" *chicky-tucky-tuck*, is as clearly pronounced and unmistakable as the Scarlet Tanager's *chip churr*. Its song is somewhat sweeter than that of its scarlet cousin, but bears a general resemblance to it. Both pine and deciduous woods are inhabited by this bird. Its nesting habits resemble those of the Scarlet Tanager.

B'rer Fox Junior

From Samuel Scoville, Jr.'s "Everyday Adventures"
(Atlantic Monthly Press)

A delightful book of woodland adventures for those who thrill at the discovery of the crimson veined sac of the pink lady-slipper or the swinging pouch-like nest of the Baltimore oriole.

THAT day, as I moved without a sound among the trees, suddenly, not fifty feet away, loping wearily down the opposite slope, came a gaunt red fox and a cub. With her head down, she looked like the picture of the wolf in Red Riding-Hood. The little cub was all woolly, like a lamb. His back was reddish-brown, and he had long stripes of gray across his breast and round his small belly, and his little sly face was so comical that I laughed



A WOODLAND TETE-A-TETE
FROM "EVERYDAY ADVENTURES" BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.
Atlantic Monthly Press.

at the very first sight of it. What wind there was blew from them to me, and my khaki clothes blended with the coloring around me.

As I watched them, another larger cub trotted down the hill and stalked sullenly into a burrow which for the first time I noticed among the roots of a white-oak tree. Back of the burrow lay a large chestnut log which evidently served as a watch-tower for the fox family. To this the mother fox went, and climbing up on top of it, lay down, with her head on her paws and her magnificent brush dangling down beside the log, and went to sleep.

The little cub that was left trotted to the entrance of the burrow and for a while played

by himself, like a puppy or a kitten. First, he snapped at some blades of grass and chewed them up fiercely. Then, seeing a leaf that had stuck in the wool on his back, he whirled round and round, snapping at it with his little jaws. Failing to catch it, he rolled over and over in the dirt until he had brushed it off. Then he proceeded to stalk the battered carcass of an old black crow that lay in front of the burrow. Crouching and creeping up on it inch by inch, he suddenly sprang and caught that unsuspecting corpse and worried it ferociously, with fierce little snarls. All the time his wrinkled-up, funny little face was so comical that I nearly laughed aloud every time he moved. At last he curled up in a round ball, with his chin on his forepaws like his mother.

There before me, at the end of the quiet spring afternoon, two of the wildest and shyest of all of our native animals lay asleep.

Palestine of Today and Yesterday

From Elihu Grant's "The Orient in Bible Times"
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

An attractively illustrated book picturing the oriental world as it was known to the people in Bible times, by a professor of Biblical literature, Haverford College.

PALESTINE, to-day, will illuminate many a passage from the Bible, but care must be used to separate between the more permanent and the changing features of the country and its life. It certainly will not do to suppose that everything oriental will illustrate Biblical history. The customs of India, for instance, are as different from those of Palestine as they are from those of China and Japan. Even Syria in its northern part is not to be compared with Palestine, where Jesus lived and where the prophets spoke. But present-day Palestine is eloquent of Biblical times from mountain and wilderness, plain and sea, and the paths that connect them. The seasons are the same as in ancient times, the early and the latter rains, the mists and drought, the wonderful Syrian sky and powerful rays of the sun, the dawn, the glowing noon, the waning afternoon, the inky night in the season of rain and the bejewelled sky of clear weather. There is the looming cliff, the scrub and thorn and flinty rock, the limestone chip flecking the brownish-red soil, the white wall, the clay paste when wet, the swirling lime-dust when dry, the foliage of the olive like a changeable fabric in the varying light, the foliage of the vineyards like a bath of green to thirsty eyes. There stand the gaunt hills, nature's bedawin, gaping caves, clambering terraces, feebly sprouting springs, swiftly descending paths two feet wide over which human beings and flocks have gone for many centuries. Seldom does one ever make them straight, kick a pebble out or remove a slippery rock from the course. Humanity goes as the other creatures do and all flow as a trickling stream to find the path and fulfil the days of their destiny.

Man and His Work

From Gilbert Cannan's "The Release of the Soul"
(Boni & Liveright.)

Mr. Cannan, distinguished English novelist among the younger group, in this volume expresses his beliefs and discoveries about life, God and the soul.

Now the simplest relationship of all those established by the imagination is that between a man and his work, no matter whether his material be the earth, or wood, or paint, or words, or bricks, or stocks and shares, or legal fictions. There is nothing that he can use that has not been created by human labor out of the handiwork of God. No matter what his material, a man at his work can concentrate upon it so long and so lovingly that in due course he becomes aware of a

is the process of art, which is the process of work, that, without this sublimation, in however small a degree, is not work, but a degradation of the power of man. There is no task so humble that it cannot contain this sublimation, this sudden liberation of the joy that is in man, as in all things living; and this joy is forthcoming always in proportion to the capacity of the worker and the value of the work to humanity. Without it, no other joy can be procured and the inexhaustible richness of life cannot be explored, for a man's life is lived thru his relationships and the key to them all is his relationship to his work. Once the true relationship is established there is no end to its fertility, and the meanest and most monotonous task can be enlivened by it,



OFF THE COAST AT JAVA, PALESTINE. SHIPS MUST STAND FAR FROM SHORE
FROM ELIHU GRANT'S "THE ORIENT IN BIBLE TIMES"
J. B. Lippincott Co.

living vibrant relationship between himself and it, and thru the relationship feels all the effort that has gone into the making of it, that calls for greater effort on his part, and, feeling so, he becomes possessed by it, is lured out of himself into a loving carefulness thru which suddenly there begins to pour a power greater than himself, greater and more divine than anything that is in the material upon which he is engaged, and he finds that he is fashioning something new, something that has never been thought of before, something almost bewildering in its joy-giving power, recognizable as the thing he was trying to make and yet utterly and inconceivably different and superior, something that calls upon his whole faculty of reverence. That

because no task is isolated and there is none that cannot be so wrought upon that it shall contain all the joyous work that has ever been done in the world and so call forth in the worker the sublime powers that are latent in him, which, when they have fulfilled their function, can summon up the flooding and omnipotent energy of the soul; and it matters nothing whether the force that is brought to bear upon the work be of the muscles or of the brain. The joy of work is its only valid reward and those who look for any other lose that and are stultified until they become incumbrances in the way of their fellows and dwindle away into the misery of a parasitic physical existence, without thought, without delight in the simple doings of each day.



"PURSUED BY FIFTEEN BLOODTHIRSTY INDIANS, I HAD A RUNNING FIGHT OF ELEVEN MILES"
FROM "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BUFFALO BILL"
Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

Buffalo Bill's Own Story

From "An Autobiography of Buffalo Bill."
(Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.)

The following incident in Buffalo Bill's Boyhood is but one of the hair-raising adventures in this his own life story. N. C. Wyeth's illustrations contribute to the vividness of the narrative.

We had accomplished about half our journey with no sign of hostile Indians. Then one day, as Simpson, George Woods and I were riding ahead to overtake the lead train, a party of Sioux bore down on us, plainly intent on mischief. There was little time to act. No cover of any kind was to be had. For us three, even with our rifles, to have stood up against the Sioux in the open would

have been suicide. Simpson had been trained to think quickly. Swinging the three mules so that they formed a triangle, he drew his six-shooter and dropped them where they stood.

"Now there's a little cover, boys," he said, and we all made ready for the attack.

The Sioux drew up when they saw how quickly Simpson's wit had built a barricade for us. Then the arrows began to fly and among them spattered a few bullets. We were as sparing as possible with our shots. Most of them told.

Down came the Indians, with the blood-curdling yell which is always a feature of their military strategy. We waited till they got well within range. Then at Simpson's order we fired. Three ponies galloped riderless over the prairie, and our besiegers hesitated, then wheeled, and rode out of range. But our rest was short. Back they came. Again we fired, and had the good fortune to stop three more of them.

Simpson patted me encouragingly on the shoulder. "You're all right, Billy!" he said, and his praise was music to my ears.

By this time our poor dead mules, who had given their lives for ours, were stuck full of arrows. Woods had been winged in the shoulder. Simpson, carefully examining the wound, expressed his belief that the arrow which inflicted it had not been poisoned.

But we had little time to worry about that or anything else. Our enemies were still circling, just out of range. Here and there when they grew incautious we dropped a man or a pony. But we were still heavily outnumbered. They knew it and we knew it. Unless help came it was only a question of time till it was all over.

Daylight came and they still held off. Eagerly we looked to the westward but no wagon-train appeared. We began to fear that something had happened to our friends, when suddenly one of the Indians jumped up, and with every evidence of excitement signaled to the others.

TIMELY BIOGRAPHIES

- Theodore Roosevelt.** An autobiography. New ed. Scribner.
Talks with T. R. By John J. Leary, Jr. Houghton M.
Mercier, The Fighting Cardinal. By Charlotte Kellogg. Appleton.
Cardinal Mercier's Own Story. By Cardinal Mercier. Doran.
Foch, The Winner of the War. By Capt. Raymond Recouly. Scribner.
Herbert Hoover. By Vernon Kellogg. Appleton.
That Human Being Leonard Wood. By Herman Hagedorn. Harcourt.
Leonard Wood, Conservator of Americanism. By Eric Fisher Wood. Doran.
The Career of Leonard Wood. By Joseph Hamblen Wood. Appleton.
Leonard Wood, Administrator, Soldier and Citizen. By W. H. Hobbs. Putnam.
My Quarter Century of American Politics. 2v. By Champ Clark. Harper.
The Prime Minister. By Harold Spender. Doran.
Memories and Records. By Lord Fisher. 2v. Doran.
An American Idyll. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Atlantic.
Margaret Fuller: A Psychological Biography. By Katherine Anthony. Harcourt.
Finding a Way Out: Autobiography of Robert Russa Moton (Negro leader). Houghton M.
Jane Austen. By O. W. Firkins. Holt.
Walt Whitman; The Man and his Work. By Leon Bazalgette. Doubleday, P.



"STAGE-COACH DRIVING WAS FULL OF HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES"
FROM "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BUFFALO BILL"
Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

The Ten-Hour Day

From Mary Beard's "A Short History of the American Labor Movement" (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

A brief and simple summary of the aims and achievements of the Labor movement in the United States from the end of the eighteenth century to the present day.

THE most prominent of all the issues in this early political movement on the part of labor was the ten-hour day. It was supported by labor on economic and moral grounds. Particularly was it urged that long hours reduced workmen to the status of slaves, with neither time nor leisure to improve their minds or enjoy the benefits of civilization.

In opposition it was said that the movement for the shorter day was foreign in origin. The Master Carpenters of Boston, for example, declared that they could not believe "this project to have originated with any of the faithful and industrious sons of New England, but are compelled to consider it an evil of foreign growth and one which we hope and trust will not take root in the favored soil of Massachusetts." In the second place the ten-hour day was combatted on strictly moral grounds. It was urged against it that it would open "a wide door for idleness and vice and finally commuting the present condition of the mechanical classes, made happy and prosperous by frugal, orderly, temperate, and ancient habits for that degraded state, by which in other countries, many of these classes are obliged to leave their homes, bringing with them their feelings and habits and a spirit of discontent and insubordination to which our native mechanics have hitherto been strangers."

In spite of this sharp opposition, the ten-hour day made headway. Outside of Boston it had become the standard day for municipal employees, and public sentiment was brought slowly around to the view that this proposal, which seemed radical in an age of twelve and fourteen hour days, was after all quite reasonable and proper. At length, in 1840, President Van Buren ordered the establishment of the ten-hour day on federal government work after a spirited threat of political action on the part of organized labor.

Personality

From Irving R. Allen's "You."
(Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.)

A book which explains that most interesting of human beings, yourself. Shorn of all furbelows, the Law referred to is simply the art of living.

In a Red Cross hut in France sat a brigadier-general and a little man in civilian clothes, insignificant-looking and with thick-lensed glasses veiling pale-blue eyes. Two marines came in on business, delivered their messages and retired.

As they left the hut, one said to the other:

"Who was the little bird with the glasses, Bill?"

"Don't know. Just wondering myself. Did you see the general in there?"

"Yes, sure. That little fellow with the glasses; now, I wonder——"

Just seven words devoted to the general and the rest of the conversation hinging around the identity of an unknown civilian! Why? Just one reason—only one possible reason. The little man with the thick-rimmed glasses had that wonderful, intangible something that, for lack of a better name, we term Personality. What is Personality? You can't touch it—smell it—taste it or feel it with your fingers—yet you can feel it with your being when you make contact with it. Personality is that thing within you which, without even the spoken word, others sense when they meet you or see you—it is attraction, personal magnetism and its source lies in your mind.

Personality is born of a strong mind—a good mind—sending out its vibrated messages as surely as the wireless, making all you meet take interest—want to know you better. It is that unseen but universally felt attraction which, from the beginning of things, strong, well-controlled minds have exercised upon all humanity. And when you are developing within yourself a Prevailing Mental Attitude which is in harmony with the Law you are developing the force of Personality, just as surely as you are laying the foundations of happiness and progress.

From Kipling's Gallery of Sea-Pieces

From Rudyard Kipling's "Letters of Travel"
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

East and West meet in the vivid pages of Kipling's record of his journeys in many lands. In a chapter entitled "Half-A-Dozen Pictures," he voices his belief that pictures should be stored not in galleries, but in the inner eye. Below is one of his favorites:

Down in the South where the ships never go"—between the heel of New Zealand and the South Pole, there is a sea-piece showing a steamer trying to come round in the trough of a big beam sea. The wet light of the day's end comes more from the water than the sky, and the waves are colorless thru the haze of the rain, all but two or three blind sea-horses swinging out of the mist on the ship's dripping weather sides. A lamp is lighted in the wheel-house; so one patch of yellow light falls on the green-painted pistons of the steering gear as they snatch up the rudder chains. A big sea has got home. Her stern flies up in the lather of a freed screw, and her deck from poop to the break of the foc's'le goes under in gray-green water level as a mill-race, except where it spouts up above the donkey-engine and the stored derrick-booms. Forward there is nothing but this glare; aft, the interrupted wake drives far to leeward a cut kite string dropped across the seas. The sole thing that has any rest in the turmoil is the jeweled, unwinking eye of an albatross, who is beating across wind leisurely and unconcerned, almost within hand's touch. It is the monstrous egotism of that eye that makes the picture. By all the rules of art there should be a lighthouse or a harbor pier in the background to show that everything will end happily. But there is not, and the red eye does not care whether the thing beneath the still wings stays or staves.

SOME 1920 CONTRIBUTIONS TO PSYCHIC LITERATURE

- Ghosts I Have Seen.** By Violet Tweedale. Stokes.
The Vital Message. By Conan Doyle. Doran.
The Truth About Spiritualism. By "Rita." Lippincott.
The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism. By Hereward Carrington. Dodd, M.
The Report of the Seybert Commission on Spiritism. Lippincott.
Man and the Universe. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New ed. Doran.
Your Psychic Powers and How to Develop Them. By Hereward Carrington. Dodd, M.
Our Unseen Guest. By Baroness Orczy. Harper.
The Proofs of the Truths of Spiritualism. 2nd ed., rev. By Rev. George Henslow. Dodd, M.
A Cloud of Witnesses. By Anna Farwell De Koven. Dutton.
Fear Not the Crossing. By Gall Williams. Clode.
Reason and Belief. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New ed. Doran.
Creative Mind and Success. E. S. Holmes. McBride.
The Key of Destiny. By H. A. and F. H. Curtiss. Dutton.
Myself and Dreams. By Frank Challice Constable. Dodd, M.

NEW BOOKS WITH THE LURE OF OUT-OF-DOORS ..

- Adventures Among Birds.** By W. H. Hudson. Dutton.
Birds in Town and Village. By W. H. Hudson. Dutton.
What Bird Is That?. By Frank H. Chapman. Appleton.
Useful Wild Plants of the United States. By Charles Francis Saunders. McBride.
Everyday Adventures. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Atlantic.
The Adventures of a Nature Guide. By Enos A. Mills. Doubleday, P.
Practical Book of Outdoor Rose Growing. new ed. By George C. Thomas. Lippincott.
Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden. 4th ed. By Gertrude Jekyll. Scribner.
The Busy Woman's Garden Book. By Ida D. Bennett. Small, M.
The Idyll of the Split Bamboo. By George Parker Holden. Stewart & K.
Goin' Fishing. By Dixie Carroll. Stewart & K.
Practical Fly Fishing. By Larry St. John. Macmillan.
Track Athletics Up-to-Date. By Ellery H. Clark. Duffield.
Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. New ed. Houghton M.
The Turnpikes of New England. By Frederick J. Wood. M. Jones.
Cape Coddities. By Dennis and Marion Chatham. Houghton M.
The Old Coast Road from Boston to Plymouth. By Agnes Edwards. Houghton M.

The Discovery of Patti

From Herman Klein's "The Reign of Patti"
(Century Co.)

Adelina Patti had intended to write her autobiography in collaboration with Herman L. Klein, musical critic, scholar and lifelong friend, but press of other matters prevented. Mr. Klein's own biography of the famous singer, a life-story as splendid as a fairy tale, has the complete authorization of her family. He tells the following story of the discovery of the child's genius, at a moment when her family faced its darkest hour.

SHE was barely seven. Every member of the family and not a few of their friends knew that Adelina could sing; but what they did not know was that she could already, without having had a lesson in her life, sing like an artist.

One day they thought they would make her go thru a whole piece, and, in order to see her the better, they made her stand upon a table. She began without hesitation, not knowing the meaning of the word nervousness. They had no idea what she was going to sing. Imagine their wonder, not unmingled with amusement, when she started the long sustained note and "turn" that form the initial phrase of "Casta diva"! It was to be nothing less, if you please, than that most exacting of arias—the noblest of Bellini's inties were sufficiently strong to tie a group of boys together. We would fight with a neighboring group and steal their stores if

spired melodies—the sublime prayer uttered by Norma just before she severs the sacred mistletoe from the oak with her golden sickle.

Amusement at the little singer's daring quickly disappeared and left the feeling of amazement. For even to those of her flesh and blood who listened there was something strange, exciting, uncanny, in the marvelous intuition that enabled her to go thru both verses of "*Casta diva*" wholly by ear and without a mistake. Is it surprising that the good Salvatore and his wife wept tears of joy over their darling *bambin*? If the father's eyes had not been opened before, they were now. Adelina was a real prodigy, and one that might help them out of all their troubles.

That she should know the air was not astonishing. Norma was one of her mother's favorite parts, and the child had often heard her sing it at the Astor Place Opera House. Besides, Clotilda Barili [a half-sister] and Amalia [a sister] were constantly practising it. No: the marvel lay in two things: the singularly mature and beautiful quality of the voice; and the no less surprising grace, accuracy, and charm of the rendering.

Herein was something that the father knew to be more than an ordinary child's performance. It was the revelation of the born singer.

The Home Instinct

From Dr. Luther H. Gulick's "*A Philosophy of Play*."

(Association Press.)

If you want to know what a child is, study his play; if you want to affect what he shall be, direct the form of play. These are the principles enunciated in this study by one whose name is identified with physical training, athletics and games in their social aspect.

My own experience as a boy is often brought to mind when on traveling thru the woods I see the little shelters that boys build, a tree house, a cave, a wigwam of green stems or small trees. These habitations are often made by boys who have good homes, who are not in need of seeking shelter; these dwellings are made for no reason which the boys themselves can give. Frequently a part of the floor is dug up, and stores of chestnuts are collected underneath. In none of the playhouses I ever had could we stand up straight. There was a little raised platform in the middle on which we made a fire, and we sat in very uncomfortable positions. We were too hot in front and too cold in the back. The smoke filled our eyes. Meanwhile we were eating partly baked potatoes or half-burned chestnuts or doughnuts taken from mother's pantry; and we had feelings of comfort, of being at home, such as we never experienced in school or in our parents' dwellings. We recognize these feelings later in life when we come to establish our own homes, and have our own kitchens and tables and hearth-fires. These states of mind are not dependent on reason; they are made up of profound instinct feelings. The feelings which centered in one of these shan-

we could. We were protecting our own home, our own people.

ELEANOR H. PORTER, whose latest novel, "*Marie Marie*" (Houghton) is quoted from elsewhere, is a New England woman of Mayflower descent, born in Littleton, N. H. Her parents decided to develop her musical talent which was marked as a child, but little Eleanor preferred to write and celebrate birthdays and other events in her circle by little poems composed for the occasions. As a girl Mrs. Porter studied music under private teachers and at the New England Conservatory of Music and sang at concerts and in choirs for some years. Since her marriage



ADELINA PATTI IN THE LATE SIXTIES
FROM "*THE REIGN OF PATTI*" BY HERMAN KLEIN
Century Co.

she has lived in Cambridge, Mass. In the new novel she has gone back to the scene of her greatest popular success "*Pollyanna*."

FROM BOISE, Idaho, but originally from Missouri comes Earl Wayland Bowman, author of the lively western yarn, "*The Ramblin' Kid*" (Bobbs-Merrill). His father was a Baptist preacher, a Union soldier, and his mother a Virginian and "a very beautiful angel." At ten he was left an orphan. Since then and before he "hit the golden trail of literature," as he expresses it, Mr. Bowman filled in the time by becoming in turn cow puncher, printer, cook, dishwasher, butcher, newspaper man, apple grower and senator.

Business Is Business

From Harry A. Franck's "Vagabonding Through Changing Germany"
(Harper & Brothers)

The famous literary vagabond, who with knapsack and camera has journeyed afoot in almost every nook and corner of the world, records his impressions of his recent 1,000 mile hike in Germany.

THE adaptability of the German as a merchant has long since been proved by his commercial success all over the world. It quickly became evident to the Army of Occupation that he was not going to let his feel-



HARRY FRANCK

FROM "VAGABONDING THROUGH CHANGING GERMANY"
BY HARRY A. FRANCK
Harper & Bros.

ings—if he had any—interfere with business. As a demand for German uniforms, equipment, insignia faded away behind the retreating armies of the Kaiser, commerce instantly adapted itself to the new conditions. Shop-windows blossomed out overnight in a chaos of divisional insignia, of service stripes, with khaki cloth and the coveted shoulder-pins from brass bars to silver stars, with anything that could appeal to the American doughboy as a suitable souvenir of his stay on the Rhine. Spiked helmets—he must be an uninventive or an absurdly truthful member of the new Watch on the Rhine who cannot show visible evidence to the amazed folks at home of having captured at least a dozen Boche officers and despoiled them of their headgear. Those helmets were carried off by truck-loads from a storehouse just across

the Moselle; they loaded down the A. E. F. mails until it is strange there were ships left with space for soldiers homeward bound. A sergeant marched into his captain's billet in an outlying town with a telescoped bundle of six helmets and laid them down with a snappy, "Nine marks each, sir."

"Can you get me a half-dozen, too?" asked a visiting lieutenant.

"Don't know, sir," replied the sergeant. "He made these out of some remnants he had left on hand, but he is not sure he can get any more material."

"Shoe-shine parlors," sometimes with the added enticement "We Shine Your Hobnails," sprang up in every block and were so quickly filled with Yanks intent on obeying the placard to "Look Like a Soldier" that the proprietors had perforce to encourage their own timid people by posting the notice "Germans Also Admitted." Barber shops developed hair carpets from sheer inability to find time to sweep out, and at that the natives were hard put to it to get rid of their own facial stubble. There was nothing timid or squeamish about German commerce. Shops were quite ready to display postcards showing French ruins with chesty German officers strutting in the foreground, once they found that these appealed to the indefatigable and all-embracing American souvenir-hunter. Down in Cologne a German printing-shop worked overtime to get out an official history of the American 3d Division. In the cafés men who had been shooting at us three months before sat placidly sawing off our own popular airs and struggling to perpetrate in all its native horror that inexcusable hubbub known as the "American jazz."

NO VACATION IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A FUNNY BOOK

Daisy Ashford: Her Book; a collection of the remaining novels by the author of "The Young Visitors" together with "The Jellus Governess" by Angelea Ashford. With an introd. by Irvin S. Cobb. Doran.

Swatty. By Ellis Parker Butler. Houghton M.

There's No Base Like Home. By H. C. Wiltwer. Doubleday, P.

The Line's Busy. By Albert Edward Ullman. Stokes.

Hand-Made Fables. By George Ade. Doubleday, P.

Broome Street Straws. By Robert Cortes Holliday. Doran.

Isn't That Just Like A Man! By Mary Roberts Rinehart; **Oh Well you Know How Women Are!** By Irvin Cobb. Doran.

Something Else Again. By Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, P.

Moments With Mark Twain. Selected by Albert Bigelow Palne. Harper.

We Need the Business. By Joseph E. Austrian. Stokes.

Mince Pie. By Christopher Morley. Doran.

The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer. By Judge Henry A. Shute. Houghton

Chuckles. By John Carver Alden. M. Jones.

My Rest Cure. By George Robey. Stokes.

Peeps at People. By Robert Cortes Holliday. Doran.

This Giddy Globe. By Oliver Herford. Doran.

Civilization's Debt to Savagery

From Paul Gauguin's "Noa Noa"

(Nicholas L. Brown.)

In "Noa Noa" Gauguin, the French painter who broke away from European civilization and found the beauty and peace which he sought in Tahiti, has written the story of his sojourn in the South Seas. Meier Graefe's "Modern Art" summarizes the book as "not merely a unique poem in contemporary literature a legend of the Homeric stamp; but also the history of Gauguin's art. Two bits, may serve to give some indication, of Gauguin. He is going back to France and he muses upon what the two years on the island have done for him.

"... THE savages have taught many things to the man of an old civilization; these ignorant men have taught him much in the art of living and happiness.

"Above all, they have taught me to know

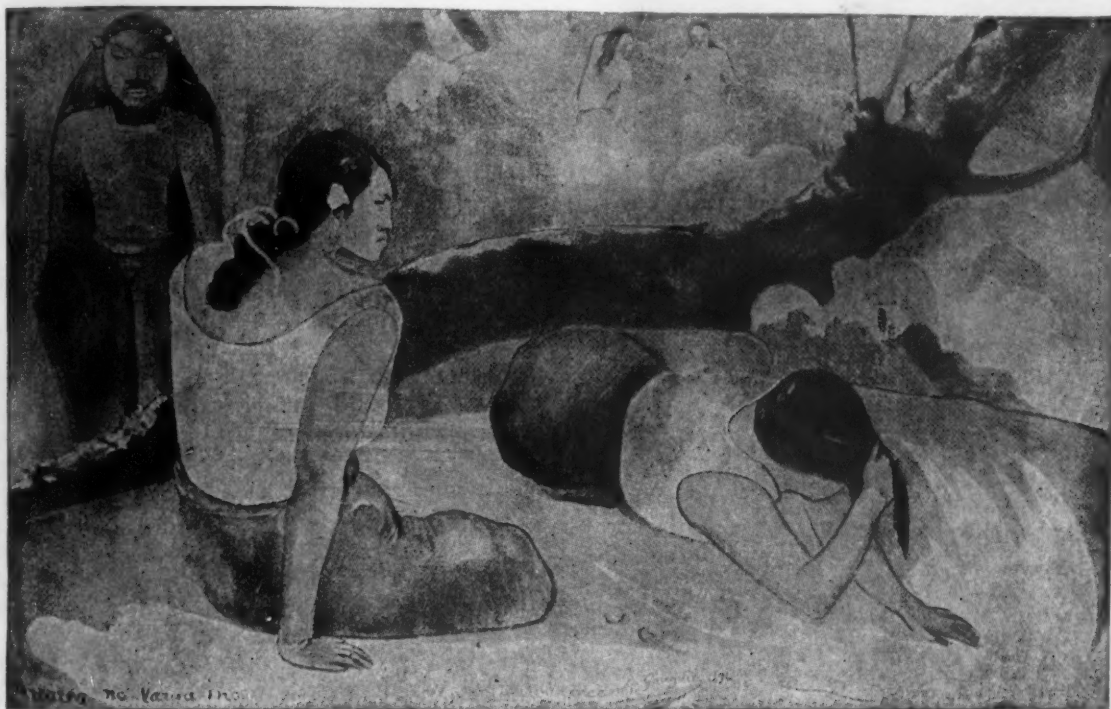
had risen up between us. In spite of myself I yielded to the influence of faith, and I was waiting for a message from above. I did not doubt that this message would come; but the sterile vanity of our scepticism still had its influence over me, in spite of the glowing sureness of a faith like this rooted in some superstition or other."

So Tehura prays.

"When she had finished her prayer she came over to me and said with her eyes full of tears:

"You must strike me, strike me many, many times."

"In the profound expression of this face and in the perfect beauty of this statue of living flesh I had a vision of the divinity her-



LEGEND, FROM "NOA NOA" BY PAUL GAUGUIN
Nicholas L. Brown

myself better; they have told me the deepest truth.

"Was this thy secret, thou mysterious world? O mysterious world of all light, thou hast made a light shine within me, and I have grown in admiration of thy antique beauty, which is the immemorial youth of nature. I have become better for having understood and having loved thy human soul—a flower which has ceased to bloom and whose fragrance no one henceforth will breathe."

[Gauguin accuses Tahura, his Tahitian wife, of unfaithfulness.]

"Tehura raised herself and looked fixedly at me. Her face had imprinted upon it an extraordinary expression of mysticism and majesty and strange grandeur with which I was unfamiliar and which I would never have expected to see in her naturally joyous and still almost child-like face.

"The atmosphere in our little hut was transformed. I felt that some thing sublime

self who had been conjured up by Tehura.

"Let my hands be eternally cursed if they will raise themselves against a masterpiece of nature!

"Thus naked, the eyes tranquil in the tears, she seemed to me robed in a mantle of orange-yellow purity, in the orange-yellow mantle of Bhixu.

"She repeated:

"You must strike me, strike me many, many times, otherwise you will be angry for a long time and you will be sick."

"I kissed her."

EDWIN MARKHAM, the poet whom most people know best by his "Man With A Hoe," has just celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday. His new collection of verse, "Gates of Paradise" (Doubleday, Page), has just appeared.



"GIVE THE FACE OF EARTH AROUND, AND THE ROAD BEFORE ME"

FROM "GOING AFOOT" BY BAYARD H. CHRISTY
Association Press.

Hints for the Hiker

From Bayard H. Christy's "Going Afoot."
(Association Press.)

A practical handbook for the walker—from the leisurely stroller to the mountain climber—giving all sorts of information about equipment, and the planning of trips, together with an account of the principal walking clubs of America.

CARE of feet: Always wash the feet thoroughly at the end of a tramp, and dry carefully, particularly between the toes. If the skin cracks and splits between the toes, wash at night with boric acid and soften with vaseline. It is better to allow toenails to grow rather long, and in trimming cut them straight across.

When resting at noon take off shoes and stockings, and, before putting them on again, turn the stockings inside out. If the weather be mild, let the feet remain bare until about to set out again; if there be water available, bathe the feet immediately on stopping. If, on the march, the arch of the foot should grow tired, consciously "toe in."

If there is rubbing, binding, squeezing, with consequent tenderness at any point, stop at once, take off shoe and stocking, and consider what is to be done. It may suffice to protect the tender spot, applying a shred of absorbent cotton secured with a strip of adhesive tape; perhaps the thickness of the stocking may be changed, or the lacing of the shoe be eased or tightened. By tighter lacing sometimes the play of the foot within the shoe may be diminished and undesirable rubbing or squeezing overcome. Talcum powder sprinkled on the foot will help to relieve rubbing, and soap rubbed on the stocking outside, above the tender place, is efficacious.

Should a blister, in spite of care, develop, let it alone, if possible. Don't interfere with nature's remedial processes. But, if one must go on walking with the expectation that the blister unless attended to will tear open, then one should drain it—not by pricking it thru, however. Take a bright needle, sterilize it in the flame of a match, and run it under the skin from a point to one side, and so tap the blister. Then cover the area with adhesive tape.

A Born Cook

From Mary Caroline Crawford's "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers" (Little, Brown)

Some one has suggested, says Miss Crawford, that the way to keep the distinction between Pilgrims and Puritans clear in mind is to recall the old joke that when the Puritans came over they fell on their knees,—while the Pilgrims fell on the aborigines. Miss Crawford immediately denies the point of the joke and shows by many picturesque examples the friendly relations between the Pilgrims and the Indians. On one occasion, the colony heard that the chief, Massasoit, was dying:

HOPING still to be in time to be of service to the old Indian, Winslow again set out for Middleborough and by traveling rapidly was able soon to reach the sick man's bedside. There he found the powahs in the midst of their incantations, making, as he says, "such a hellish noise as it distempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick."

When the "charming" ceased, Massasoit was told who had come to see him. Upon this he feebly groped with his hand, which Winslow took. The chief then twice said faintly, "Keen Winsnow?" or "Art thou Winslow?" Winslow replied "Ahhe!" or "Yes!" The patient then feebly muttered, "Matta neen wonckanet namen, Winslow!" which was to say, "I shall never see thee again, O Winslow!" Then producing "a confection of many comfortable conserves," Winslow placed some of it upon the point of his knife, and with great trouble succeeded in getting it between the sick man's teeth.

Before morning, the king's appetite beginning to return, he asked for broth or pottage like that he had eaten at Plymouth. Winslow was unfamiliar with such cookery, and had neither meat, rice, vegetables nor seasoning. In that early month there were no herbs to be found. But setting his wits at work, he took the coarse part of some pounded corn and set it on the fire in an earthen pot; he then added a handful of strawberry leaves and the sliced roots of a sassafras bush. The broth was highly relished and seemed to work wonders; the patient's sight became perfect, and a period of restful sleep soon followed. The worst of Massasoit's bad attack of indigestion and auto-intoxication was over.

NEW POETRY

The Stuff and Essence of Poetry

From Hilda Conkling's "Poems By a Little Girl"
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Hilda Conkling is the nine-year-old daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, assistant professor of English at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. In her preface to Hilda's poems, Miss Amy Lowell says, "I wish to state emphatically that it is poetry, the stuff and essence of poetry that this book contains." Here is an amazing thing, this slim volume contains one hundred and seven separate poems, and that is counting as one all the very short pieces written between the ages of five and six. Certainly that is a remarkable output for a little girl, the only possible explanation being that the poems are perfectly instinctive.

Hilda tells her poems, and the method of it is this: They come in the course of conversation, and Mrs. Conkling is so often engaged in writing that there is nothing to be remarked if she scribbles absently while talking to the little girl. But this scribbling is really the complete draught of the poem. No line, no cadence is altered from Hilda's version; the titles alone have been added for convenience, but they are obvious handles derived from the text.

FOR YOU, MOTHER

I HAVE a dream for you, Mother,
Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.
I have a surprise for you, Mother,
Shaped like a strange butterfly.
I have found a way of thinking
To make you happy;
I have made a song and a poem
All twisted into one.
If I sing, you listen;
If I think, you know.
I have a secret from everybody in the world
full of people
But I cannot always remember how it goes;
It is a song
For you, Mother,
With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue
And a mist
Blowing along the sky.
If I sing it some day, under my voice,
Will it make you happy?



HILDA CONKLING

WATER

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water,
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

To a Prospective Cook

From Franklin P. Adams' "Something Else Again"
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

F. P. A. fans will welcome, as a handy weapon for the confounding of supporters of rival humorists, this latest collection of verse, most of which has seen the light in the "Conning Tower" of the "New York Tribune."

CURLY Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be ours?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet weed
the flowers,
But stand in the kitchen and cook a fine meal,
And ride every night in an automobile.

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, come to us soon!
Thou needst not to rise until mid-afternoon;
Thou mayst be Croatian, Armenian, or Greek;
Thy guerdon shall be what thou askest per
week.

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, give us a chance!
Thou shalt not wash windows, nor iron my
pants.

Oh, come to the cosiest of seven-room bowers,
Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be ours?

SOME GOOD RECENT POETRY

- ✓ **Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919;** and Yearbook of American Poetry. Ed. by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, M.
- An Anthology of the New Verse.** Ed. by Alfred Kreymborg. N. L. Brown.
- The Haunted Hour.** By Margaret Wildemer. Harcourt.
- Modern American Poetry.** By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt.
- ✓ **The Book of Modern British Verse.** By William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, M.
- Starved Rock.** By Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan.
- Hail, Man!** By Angela Morgan. Lane.
- Picture-Show.** By Siegfried Sassoon. Dutton.
- Ballads of Old New York.** By Arthur Guiterman. Harper
- The Golden Whales of California;** and other rhymes in the English language. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan.
- Poems.** By Ceall Roberts. Stokes.
- Youth Riding.** By Mary Carolyn Davies. Macmillan.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN READ THIS SUMMER?

By Rebecca Deming Moore

SEVERAL of the newest books for children are specially appropriate for summer reading in that they radiate the very essence of the open. One of the most attractive is "Trail and Tree Top" (Milton Bradley) by Allen Chaffee whose "The Ad-



MAMMY COTTONTAIL AND FAMILY
FROM "TRAIL AND TREETOP" BY ALLEN
CHAFFEE
Milton Bradley Co.

ventures of Twinkly Eyes, The Little Black Bear" was somewhat in the same vein. Little children will delight in the exploits of Mammy Cottontail's furry babies,—Wriggly Nose, Flap Ears, Furtive Feet, Paddy Paws—and the other small woodland creatures that scamper thru these pages. While Mr. Chaffee makes use of personification, there is no exaggeration, and his stories faithfully follow nature. The little tales show especially well the dangers that beset the wild creatures both from other animals and from man. Peter Daru's drawings in line and wash admirably carry out the spirit of the text.

A book written along very similar lines altho intended for considerably older children is "Trails to Woods and Waters" (Jacobs) by Clarence Hawkes, the blind naturalist. The book includes tales of forest and streams as well as of the beaver, the moose, the wildcat, bees, birds and other creatures of the outdoor world. The illustrations by Charles Copeland are unusually fine including the herd of frightened deer of the end papers.

Warren H. Miller, editor of *Field and Stream*, author of several books on out-of-door sports and a big game hunter of years of experience, has written a new book for

boys entitled "The Ring Necked Grizzly" (Appleton). Two boys whose muscles need hardening are sent out to rough it in the western wilderness. Their experiences in elk hunting, fishing, getting lost in the snow, their tussle with a great ring-necked grizzly, and a scrimmage with elk-tooth thieves make breathless reading for boys in their teens.

Another adventure story for boys with an entirely different setting is Walter Walden's "The Hidden Island" (Small, Maynard). The heroes are Boy Scouts whose resourcefulness is taxed in unraveling the mystery connected with certain islands among the Florida Keys.

New series for girls are the *Billy Bradley Series*, three volumes by Janet D. Wheeler; *The Four Little Blossom Series* by Mabel C.



ONE OF THE FULL COLOR PAGES
FROM "GLINDA OF OZ" BY L. FRANK BAUM. ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEIL
Reilly & Lee Co.

Hawley in three volumes; and a new title in Annie Roe Carr's *Nan Sherwood Series*, all published by George Sully & Co.

For the children who prefer to spread the magic carpet and soar away into the land of

never-was, there is the good news that there is still another Oz book. The publishers, Reilly & Lee, are even furnishing a map in colors to that wondrous Land of Oz with every copy of "Glinda of Oz" or any one of the earlier Oz books. "Glinda of Oz" with its Flatheads who carry their concentrated brains in cans in their pockets and, of course, the Tin Woodman and the other old Ozians, promises to be as fascinating as any other Frank Baum story.

The garnet is the latest gem in the *Jewel Series* (Duffield) by A. M. and E. L. Skinner. "The Garnet Story Book" contains "The Good Natured Bear," characterized by Thackeray in an article about children's books as "one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books that I have read for many a long day," and several other old fashioned tales for children. The stories are all merry, happy tales of a sort to develop a wholesome sense of humor.

The handy little volumes of the *Bedtime Wonder Tales* (Macaulay) are just the thing to tuck into the suit-case for the amusement of little travelers. There are now fifteen numbers in this series edited by Clifton Johnson including such good old favorites as "The Pied Piper," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss in Boots," and "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Among the books about real people are two in the *Children of Other Lands Series* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). While Scotland does not seem as foreign a land as Persia, for instance, child life there is enough of a contrast to life here to interest American children. George McPherson Hunter describes quaint Scottish customs in "When I Was a Boy in Scotland," and Youel B. Mirza tells of a very different sort of childhood in "While I Was a Boy In Persia."

Particularly timely just now is Eva March Tappan's "Hero Stories of France" (Houghton Mifflin). Miss Tappan, who writes with both animation and authority here tells the stories of illustrious French leaders.

Several stories of the Pilgrims adapted to

young readers commemorate the tercentenary of the landing. Among these are "The Argonauts of Faith" (Doran) by Basil Mathews; William Elliot Griffis' "Young People's History of the Pilgrims" (Houghton); and "Story of the Pilgrim Fathers" (Revell) by H. G. Tunncliffe.

Other worth-while books are "Pic the Weapon Maker" (Boni & Liveright), a pic-



AN EXCITING MOMENT IN ONE OF THE BEDTIME WONDER TALES

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

Macaulay Co.

ture of primitive life, by George Langford noticed last month, "A Little Gateway to Science" by Edith M. Patch, forthcoming from Atlantic Monthly Press and a new kind of story book "The Children's Story Garden" soon to be published by Lippincott.

Nor should a *Bubble Book* (Harper) or two be forgotten to enliven with their rhymes and records those rainy days that will occur in the best regulated of summers. There are three new ones: "The Merry Midget," "The Little Mischief" and "The Tippy-Toe."

AMONG THE AUTHORS



MAY EDGINTON, AUTHOR OF "MARRIED LIFE"
Small, Maynard & Co.

MAY EDGINTON, known to American readers thru her long novels in the magazines and short stories in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is bringing out her first novel to appear in book form (Small Maynard). "Married Life: The True Romance" is a story about everyday people who might have been our next door neighbors.

HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT, author of "The Foot-Path Way" (Duffield) is a native of Maine altho for some years he has been a resident of California. Even as a high school student Mr. Rideout had strong convictions on the schools of fiction and in his graduation essay which he called "A Plea for Brutality" he declared himself for the type he was afterwards to follow—virile adventure tinged with romance. After four years as instructor in English at Harvard, Mr. Rideout traveled extensively. His earlier work is set in the border country between Maine and New Brunswick; his later novels are filled with vivid pictures of the far east.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND, the hero of Kut, whose experiences are soon to be published under the title "My Campaign" (James A. McCann), has a military record of active service in nearly every part of the world. He was first engaged in the Nile expedition of 1884-85, then on the west frontier in India in '91-'92, and in Sudan in '98. The outbreak of the great war found him in command of a division in India. All accounts agree as to the masterly strategy with which he defeated Nur-ed-Din Pasha at Kut-el-Amara, and subsequently fought the battle of Ctesiphon.

THE SHORT stories of Charles Caldwell Dobie have been frequently starred in Edward J. O'Brien's collections of "Bests," altho his first long novel "The Blood-Red Dawn" is just now appearing from Harper. Mr. Dobie's education consisted of grammar school and an extensive course in the University of Hard Knocks. After twenty years in the fire insurance business he abandoned it for literature in 1916. He lives in San Francisco, his birthplace.



HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT, AUTHOR OF "THE FOOT-PATHWAY"
Duffield & Co.



PATRICK MACGILL, AUTHOR OF "MAUREEN"
Robert M. McBride & Co.

GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL was born April 16th, 1865, in Wellsville, N. Y.; her present home is Swarthmore, Pa. She began the study of art, but soon gave it up for the greater fascination of writing books and has written twenty-four novels since 1894. Nine of these now appear in the *Popular Copyrights* of Grosset & Dunlap: "The Enchanted Barn"; "Lo, Michael!"; "Dawn of the Morning"; "The Man of the Desert"; "Marcia Schuyler"; "The Witness"; "A Voice in the Wilderness"; "The Best Man"; and "Phoebe Deane." Mrs. Hill's latest novel is "Exit Betty" (Lippincott).

MARY BORDEN-TURNER, author of "The Romantic Woman" (Knopf), is fortunate enough to be immensely wealthy in her own name, and during the war, she established, at her own expense, a small flying field hospital as close to the French lines as they would let her go. At first it was thought her idea was impracticable; but later her hospital became a recognized part of the French army. Mrs. Borden-Turner is proud to have been the closest to the line of any woman in the war. She received many decorations.

ONE OF the most interesting figures among writers of contemporary fiction is Patrick MacGill, whose novel "Maureen" has lately been issued by Robert M. McBride & Co. A native of Ulster, he has been variously a navvy, a farm laborer, soldier, poet and novelist. His first book, "Gleanings From a Navvy's Scrapbook," was a "slender volume of poems" which Mr. Macgill published and distributed himself, leaving it one night at the door of a prospective customer, and calling for it, or the sixpence at which it was published, a week later. His first novel was the semi-autobiographical "Children of the Dead End," a story of life in the East End of London. He has followed it with three war books, and four other novels, of which the latest is a story of Irish peasant life dealing in large part with the Sinn Fein movement. Mr. Macgill is not yet thirty years of age.

THAT REMARKABLE cosmopolitan Achmed Abdullah, was born in Kabul, Afganistan, son of the Ameer, and educated at Oxford and the University of Paris. He has been doctor of Koranic law in Cairo, captain in the British-Indian army, and captain in the Turkish army in the first Balkan War. While Mr. Abdullah has written many novels of merit, he has been especially distinguished for his short story work. His latest book is to be another collection of short stories, "Wings" (James A. McCann). These tales all deal with psychic phenomena.



MRS. GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL, AUTHOR OF
"THE ENCHANTED BARN, ETC.

Grosset & Dunlap

SAMPLES OF THE SEASON'S HUMOR



THE AUTHOR—"BILL"
FROM "THE YOUNG IMMIGRANTS" BY RING W. LARDNER
JR.
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Young Immigrants

From Ring W. Lardner, Jr.'s "The Young Immigrants"
(Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

The hotel piazzas which last summer rang to the mirth provoked by "The Young Visitors" will this season suffer a like fate from one of the funniest productions ever signed by the name of Lardner. It's hardly fair to make any further allusions to Daisy Ashford or to skim more of the cream, than an amount sufficient to convince you that this chronicle of an automobile journey from Indiana to the "Bureau of Manhattan" and thence to Connecticut must be finished, and the book included in vacation necessities. A preface by the "w.k." father of Ring W. Lardner, Jr. includes the following explanations: "The person whose name is signed to this novel was born on the nineteenth day of August, 1915, and was therefore four years and three months old when the manuscript was found, late in November, 1919. The narrative is substantially true with the following exceptions: 1. 'My Father,' the leading character in the work, is depicted as a man of short temper, whereas the person from whom the character was drawn is in reality as pleasant a fellow as one would care to meet and seldom has a cross word for any one, let alone women and children," etc.

My parents are both married and $\frac{1}{2}$ of them are very good looking. The balance is tall and skinny and has a swarty complexion with moles but you hardly ever notice them

on account of your gaze being rapped up in his feet which would be funny if brevity wasn't the soul of wit.

I was born in a hospittle in Chicago 4 years ago and liked it very much and had no idear we were going to move till 1 day last summer I heard my mother arsk our nurse did she think she could get along O. K. with myself and 3 brothers John Jimmie and David for 10 days wilst she and my old man went east to look for a costly home.

Well yes said our nurse barshfully.

I may as well exclaim to the reader that John is 7 and Jimmie is 5 and I am 4 and David is almost nothing as yet you might say and tho I was named for my father they call me Bill thank God.

Well my parents went east and dureing their absents myself and brothers razed hell with David on the night shift but when they come back my mother said to the nurse were they good boys.

Fine replied our nurse lamely and where are you going to live.

Connecticut said my mother.

Our nurse forced a tired smile.

Here we will leave my parents to unpack and end this chapter.

Bill in Business

From Edward Streeter's "As You Were Bill!"
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Bill writes of his efficiency efforts as an employee of Uncle Charlie.

DERE MABLE:

Id have rote you sooner only I been takin a memory course. I got so interested I forgot. One lesson was about rememberin numbers. You give every number a word. Like 1 is a subway an 2 is a man an 3 is a ringer an 4 is a beard. Now suppose you wanted to remember 2143. Of course nobody could. What I remember is an old man in the subway got his beard caught in a ringer.

I could hardly wait to get to the office to try it out. I got thinking about it so hard on the street car I rode past an was half an hour late. Uncle Charlie ast me why Id gone out to lunch so early. I didn't say nothin.

Pretty soon Uncle Charlie stuck his head out an says to get Wimbledings telephone number. Right away I says "I know it. Its bananas an cabage make elefant pudding."

I got to quit pretty soon on account of my fountin pen. It cant seem to control itself. It wont rite at all for a while. Then a couple of pages will roll out of it all in one place. The fello that sold it said it was a self filler. I laid it by the ink bottle for a couple of days but of course nothin happened. It gets emoshunal in my vest pocket. Its more like a self emtier.

Well Mable, its five oclock. Time to quit work. Everybodies goin.

Yours till the next time,

Bill.

ALFRED A. KNOPF



220 W. 42 St., New York

Originally scheduled to appear on different dates, I was persuaded by Mr. Sidney Avery (whose unfailing friendliness it is a pleasure to acknowledge here) to publish at one time the three detective stories described below. Mr. Avery believes, and I agree with him, that you can sell a customer three new detective stories as easily as one. His order eloquently supports his theory.

I suggest, therefore, that you arrange a week's window display of the books described below. They will be ready for shipment before this advertisement appears. On orders for 250 assorted, which reach us before May 31st, I will allow a very special discount and you can have extra jackets and a poster for display.



THE PARADISE MYSTERY

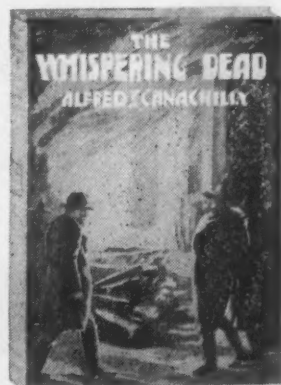
By J. S. Fletcher

A first rate mystery story by the author of *THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER* (now in sixth edition) a better one by a good deal than *THE TALLEYRAND MAXIM* (now in third edition). The love story of Mary and Ransford, set among the shaded walks and cloistered arches of a little English town, but unfortunately tangled with a net of intrigue and crime, which threatens to wreck their lives. Here we see Bryce, the ambitious chemist; Harker the ex-detective, the sinister Glassdale and the thin-lipped Folliot, whose sole interest in life seems to be the culture of prize-winning roses. The mystery unfolded is deep-laid, and calculated to hold the reader's suspense to the very last word.

THE WHISPERING DEAD

By Alfred Ganachilly

There is a mysterious fire in the German Embassy at Santiago, Chile, among the ruins of which are found the charred remains of a human body—whose? The identification of this body through the indefatigable efforts of Rojas, the great Chilean detective, and the fastening of the guilt upon the proper person, together with a most exciting chase over the Andes Mountains after the criminal make a new kind of detective story which even the most jaded reader is likely to finish at a single sitting.



THE PATHWAY OF ADVENTURE

By Ross Tyrell

A thrilling account of the adventures that Stuart Wayne, writer of detective "best sellers," encountered in his attempts to rescue beautiful Zaida Grayson from the clutches of a gang of desperate and unscrupulous crooks. It is a fiercely swift and kaleidoscopic train of episodes through which the plot moves with a villainous Mexican, a great fortune, and hand-to-hand encounters with the gang of desperadoes, for some of its elements.

Cloth binding—Picture jackets in color—\$1.90 each.

BOOKS FOR VACATION READING

A classified and selected list of recently published books, especially those suitable for vacation reading. The accompanying annotations are descriptive rather than critical, are intended to be unbiased, and are mainly informative of the scope and purpose of the book noted. Publishers' names will guide to their advertisements which frequently contain more extended descriptive notes. Books quoted from elsewhere in this issue or mentioned in special lists are not relisted here.

Fiction

THE PORTYGEE. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Front. in col. by H. M. Brett. 361 p. D Apltn. \$2

Albert Speranza, suddenly left an orphan, has to leave an exclusive boarding school and take up life with his Cape Cod grandparents of whom he had never heard. Story follows his adjustment to village life and shows how he finally proves his true worth.



THE BOAT WAS PUTTING OFF AGAIN, WHEN SUDDENLY THE SHIP MASTER . . . ORDERED HER TO STOP
FROM "THE ARGONAUTS OF FAITH" BY BASIL MATHEWS

George H. Doran Co.

BLACKSHEEP! BLACKSHEEP! By Meredith Nicholson. Il. by L. L. Benson. 346 p. D Scrib. \$1.75

Story of a wealthy and respected clubman who suddenly finds himself a member of a gang of crooks.

HARVEST. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Front. in col. by A. Gilbert. 355 p. D Dodd, M. \$2

Story of the English countryside having as its heroine a woman farmer of thirty whose early marriage which had turned out tragically casts its shadow on her later life.

HILLS OF HAN. By Samuel Merwin. Il. by W. Louderback. 365 p. D Bobbs-M. \$2

Romance having its setting in China.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT. By Ben Ames Williams. 403 p. D Macm. \$2

Story of political life centering about a contest between a young man elected to office in an Ohio town who attempts to enforce prohibition and the politicians who attempt to "break" him.

THE LOOM OF YOUTH. By Alec Waugh. Introd. by T. Seccombe. 350 p. D Doran \$1.90

Novel written by a boy of seventeen pointing out the false standards of popular education.

MR. WU. By L. J. Miln. 314 p. D Stokes \$1.75

Depicts the conflict between Eastern and Western natures by telling the story of a wealthy Chinese mandarin whose education is European but whose mind is distinctly Chinese. "Based on the play 'Mr. Wu' by H. M. Vernon and H. Owen."

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1919 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Ed. by Edward J. O'Brien. 414 p. D Small, M.

The annual collection of American short stories which most nearly approach Mr. O'Brien's standards of excellence.

SHIPS ACROSS THE SEA. By Ralph D. Paine. 347 p. D H. Miff. \$1.90

Short stories covering various features of our naval activities during the war. *Partial contents:* The orphan and the battle-wagon; Ten fathoms down; Too scared to run; The last shot; The red sector.

OUTSIDE INN! By Ethel M. Kelley. Front. by W. B. King. 310 p. D Bobbs-M. \$1.75

Story of a girl who runs a restaurant not as a money-making institution but for the good of humanity.

TIME AND ETERNITY. By Gilbert Cannan. 247 p. D Doran \$1.90

Story of three idealists in London's Bohemia and of their search for reality.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST. 2nd ed. By James Branch Cabell. 295 p. D McBride \$2

"A comedy of evasions."

THE CRIMSON TIDE. By Robert W. Chambers. Illus. by A. I. Keller. 406 p. D Apltn. \$1.75

Novel depicting the effect of the crimson tide of anarchy that has swept across the world.

THE CLANKING OF CHAINS. By Brinsley MacNamara. 270 p. D Brent. \$1.90

Novel presenting an interpretation of Sinn Fein and its reaction on the Irish nation.

DM=====NEW FICTION FOR SUMMER READING=====DM

HARVEST*By Mrs. Humphry Ward**Author of "Missing," "Helena," etc.*

In the autumn of her life Mrs. Humphry Ward still wrote, and wrote so well that her novels stood at the forefront of contemporary fiction. It is fitting, therefore, that in the autumn of her life she should have produced a story with the richness, the fulness, of HARVEST. It is one of the best of her many stories.

*Illustrated, \$2.00***MANY JUNES***By Archibald Marshall**Author of "Exton Manor," "Sir Harry," etc.*

Another of those leisurely, sane and delightful stories of real, everyday people, in the telling of which Mr. Marshall excels. As the *New York Times* says: Readers of Archibald Marshall "soon learn that to read one of his novels is like being introduced into a pleasant home and sharing the lives of its inmates." This new story will please all of Mr. Marshall's many admirers.

*\$2.00***ANDERSON CROW, DETECTIVE***By George Barr McCutcheon**Author of "Sherry," "Graustark," etc.*

Keen character-drawing dominates this humorous story of Marshall Crow, of Tinkletown. Elected to office many years ago, on a number of occasions he has been on the point of retiring, only to find himself re-elected without opposition or even consent. Tinkletown laughs at him, but will always honor and respect him. This account of his activities will amuse all.

*Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. \$2.00***MARY MINDS HER BUSINESS***By George Weston**Author of "Oh, Mary, Be Careful," etc.*

Mr. Weston's delightful story is based on the unusual idea of the upbuilding of an old-established manufacturing concern by a young woman who inherits the business. She introduces women-labor to break a strike and has other novel theories. Of course, there is a romance, told in Mr. Weston's inimitable style.

*Illustrated, \$1.75***THE MELWOOD MYSTERY***By James Hay, Jr.**Author of "The Winning Clue," etc.*

An artistically constructed problem in crime with an utterly unexpected solution. The *New York Times* says: "If you are a friend of good detective stories it is safe to say that you will sit up even to the small hours of the morning to learn what person or persons sent the 'communication bullet' into the lovely Zimony's brain—and it is also safe to say that you won't guess how it was done until Mr. Hay is quite ready to tell you."

*\$1.75***THE TRIPLE MYSTERY***By Adele Luehrmann**Author of "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont," etc.*

An exciting and bewildering account of the sudden death, within a week, of three close acquaintances. Were they murdered? There are no indications of violence: physicians pronounce death due to heart disease. It is not until the third death occurs that the police adopt the theory of foul play. But foul play of what nature? And by whom? That, dear reader, is the story.

*\$1.75***DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK***Publishers for**Eighty Years*

- BASIL EVERMAN.** By Elsie Singmaster. 311 p.
D *H. Miff.* \$1.90
Novel of contemporary life set in a little college town.
- HAPPILY MARRIED.** By Corra Harris. 287 p.
Doran \$1.75
Humorous novel portraying domestic life.
- WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.** By E. M. Forster. 283 p. D *Knopf* \$2
Story in which an upper class English woman falls in love and marries an Italian peasant.
- A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.** By Henry James. 287 p. D *Seltzer* \$1.75
Four short novels which have never before appeared in book form in this country. Contents: A landscape painter; Poor Richard; A day of days; A most extraordinary case.
- FROM PLACE TO PLACE.** By Irvin S. Cobb. 407 p. D *Doran* \$2
Short stories. *Partial contents:* The gallowsmith; The thunders of silence; Boys will be boys; The luck piece; Quality folks; John J. Coincidence.
- A THIN GHOST, and others.** By Montague Rhodes James. 152 p. D *Longm.* \$1.50
Ghost stories. *Partial contents:* The residence at Whitminster; The diary of Mr. Poynter; The story of a disappearance and an appearance; Two doctors.
- UNEASY STREET.** By Arthur Somers Roche. Il. by James Montgomery Flagg. 339 p. D *Ccmopolitan* \$1.75
Mystery story dealing with New York life.
- THE MASK.** By John Cournos. 320 p. D *Doran.* \$1.90
Story of a boy born and brought up in the Russian woods and of his later life in America and in England.
- THE GREAT IMPERSONATION.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illus. by Nana French Bickford. 322 p. *Litt., B.*
A romance with the usual Oppenheim dash, developing the situation arising from one man's attempt to impersonate another.
- THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL.** By Honoré Willis. 379 p. front. D *Stokes*
The struggle of a young inventor to perfect his invention.
- THE TIDAL WAVE.** By Ethel M. Dell. 361 p. D *Put.*
A collection of six entertaining tabloid romances set in England or India.
- THE SNAKE-BITE, and other stories.** By Robert Hichens. 337 p. D *Doran* \$1.90
Contents: Snake-bite; The lost faith; The Hindu; The lighted candles; The nomad; The two fears.
- THE GORGEOUS GIRL.** By Nalbro Bartley. 331 p. D *Dou., P.* \$1.75
Story of life among the idle rich in which the gorgeous girl shows the hero how to spend money but the plain girl shows him the way to happiness.
- INVINCIBLE MINNIE.** By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. 320 p. D *Doran* \$1.75
Novel centering about an erratic girl.
- THE ROAD TO EN-DOR.** By E. H. Jones. Il. by C. W. Hill. 375 p. D *Lane* \$2
Account of how two British officers in a Turkish prison camp took up spiritualism to amuse their fellow-prisoners and of how they planned their escape thru their pretended mediumistic powers.
- EFFICIENCY EDGAR.** By Clarence Budington Kelland. 93 p. col. front. D *Harp.* \$1.25
Humorous account of the experiences of a man who brings the principles of efficiency to bear upon his courtship, his marriage and the bringing up of his first son.
- PAINTED MEADOWS.** By Sophie Kerr. 320 p. D *Doran* \$1.90
Romance set in a quiet old Southern town.
- THE VANISHING MEN.** By Richard Washburn Child. 324 p. D *Dutt.* \$2.50
Mystery story having to do with the strange disappearance of three men each of whom had wanted to marry a certain beautiful woman.
- RESPONSIBILITY.** By James E. Agate. 317 p. D *Doran* \$1.90
Novel dealing with the problem of illegitimacy.
- THE VOICE OF THE PACK.** By Edison Marshall. Front. by W. H. Dunton. 305 p. D *Little, B.* \$1.75
Adventure story set in the Oregon forests.
- MARRIED LIFE; or, The True Romance.** By Helen Marion Edginton. 341 p. D *Small, M.* \$1.75
Plot centers around a typical married pair starting with the days just before the wedding and carrying them on thru the time when family and financial cares threaten their happiness.
- GOLD OUT OF CELEBES.** By A. F. Dingle. Front. by G. W. Gage. 301 p. D *Little, B.* \$1.75
Adventurous romance of the Dutch East Indies.
- JANE.** By Anna Alice Chapin. 367 p. D *Put.* \$1.75
Story of a little Irish girl, turned out by her stepfather, who joins a theatrical troupe and later becomes a successful actress.
- HIS FRIEND AND HIS WIFE.** By Cosmo Hamilton. Il. by R. W. Stewart. 303 p. D *Litt., B.* \$1.75
Story of the wealthy Quaker Hill colony in Connecticut and the far-reaching results of an infraction of the social code.
- SAILOR GIRL.** By Frederick F. Moore. 344 p. D *Apltn.* \$1.75
Romance of the China Seas in which piracy, treachery and a theft of pearls play a prominent part.
- KATHLEEN.** By Christopher Morley. 174 p. D *Dou., P.* \$1.25
Humorous story treating of the ravages love makes upon the duties and dignity of the "Scorpions," a literary club of Oxford undergraduates.
- THE ANCHOR.** By Michael Sadler. 277 p. D *McBride* \$1.75
Story of a young man's adventures in love and self-discovery.
- DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.** By Mrs. Desmond Humphreys. 492 p. D *Stokes* \$1.75
Present-day story of a woman's struggle for fame and position.
- SOME OF US ARE MARRIED.** By Mary Stewart Cutting. 380 p. front. D *Dou., P.* \$1.75
Love stories. *Partial contents:* The purveyor of the funds; An opening for Mariana; As Lochinvar; Dance-mad Billy; Child of the heart; The man who went under.
- ANDERSON CROW, DETECTIVE.** By George Barr McCutcheon. Il. by John T. McCutcheon. 353 p. D *Dodd, M.* \$2
Humorous story concerning the ridiculous doings of Marshall Anderson Crow who at the age of seventy-five is the chief citizen and office holder of Tinkletown.
- TAXI.** By George Agnew Chamberlain. Il. by L. A. Hiller. 222 p. D *Bobbs-M.* \$1.60
Comedy-romance of New York City in which the hero swaps places with a taxicab driver and starts on a career of adventure.
- THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.** By Achmed Abdullah. 340 p. D *McCann* \$1.90
Story of an American cowboy who discovers an unknown chemical substance which leads to serious international complications and takes him and the girl he loves to Europe.

Important New Books

Woman

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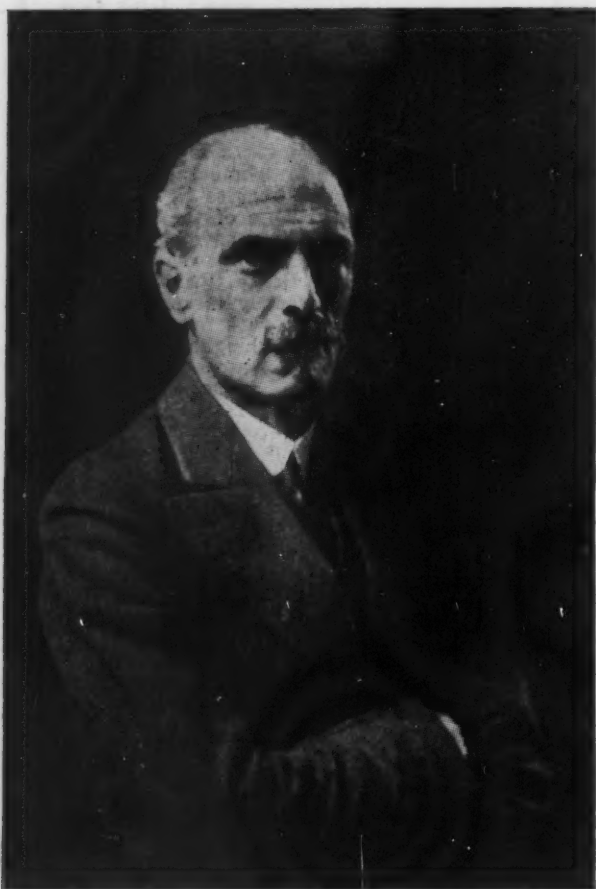
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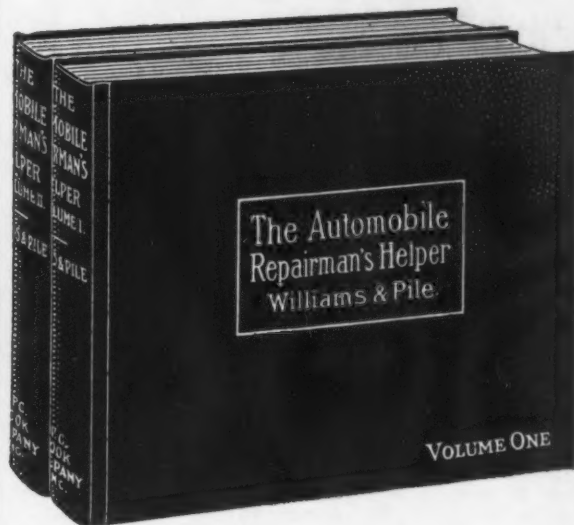
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